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MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE: HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.

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CHAPTER I.—AN EXAMINATION OF HISTORIC OPINIONS.

It appears to be the fate of all men who have shaken the fabric of existing institutions, and in any shape or form advocated the cause of the people and humanity—who have, throwing off the yoke of ages, and the trammels of political superstition, done battle for a more generous and comprehensive policy than that of kings and aristocracies—who have in so doing shattered the prescriptive privileges of classes, and reduced men to the level of worth, talent, and genius, to meet with calumny, falsehood, and ingratitude for their reward. Calumny and falsehood from those whose right to govern and enjoy all pleasure and power they have called in question, ingratitude from those who profit by their arduous and thankless labours; for thankless indeed is the task of him who struggles against oppression and monopoly, if he be not satisfied with the calm approval of his own conscience.

For nearly two hundred years Oliver Cromwell, the greatest name in English history, lay under a weight of odium which is readily understood. His enemies triumphed when the mighty dead was gone. The spirit of the Lord Protector gathered to his Maker the souls of the servile—the toad-eaters, the crawlers of creation felt relieved; they breathed more freely when they knew him to be departed. He gone, there was hope in England for courtiers and courtisans; for a young king was coming who, instead of seeking to raise Great Britain in the scale of nations, instead of striving to give us powerful navies—instead of extending commerce and trade—instead of endeavouring to promote popular comfort and enlightenment, would spend the money of the nation in making of his palace a—we dare not say what—and in endowing actresses and others, his creatures, with titles and fortunes; who, when Cromwell consumed the midnight oil studying to make his country great, would roam about in night hovels, in company with minions, puppies, and other respectable personages whose names exist in the records of infamy. But reckless, worthless, and despicable as were Charles the Second and his court, they could not shake off the influence of him whose great soul still hovered over England; there was so glaring a contrast between them and the good husband, good father, and most honest and pious man who went before, albeit he was a tyrant—and it is a question whether or not England was then fit for a republic—that for very shame they must now and then blush beneath their paint and red-plastered cheeks. There were then, as now, however, hireling writers, men capable of selling their fathers' bones for knife handles; and away they went to work. The reward was rich—a king's favour. Verily they had

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their reward. Their pamphlets, scrawled in pot-houses and vintners', smelt not of the lamp, but of ale and viler liquors; but they were distributed, they were read; and none daring to hold up his hand in defence, they were believed. It was left for the present age, which some think degenerated, to seek and find the truth. The name of Carlyle will in future be quoted as that of one who did tardy justice to the memory of a great warrior statesman and legislator reduced by pigmies to their own level.

The fate of Robespierre has been similar. The causes have in part been the same. When Tallien, Courtois, and other profligate and debauched demagogues overthrew Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, because Robespierre, incorruptible, utterly without their vices, single-minded and sincere, was striving to steer the bark of France to peace, prosperity, and a calm government—because he was inexorable to their vices, and would have crushed the whole brood, they felt the necessity of calumniating him and loading his memory with infamy to excuse the most unhappy day in the whole French revolution, that of the 9th Thermidor. To Courtois was given the task. This ponderous writer drew up a report on the so-called Robespierre Conspiracy, in which he gave a succinct history of every tyrant and monster the world had seen; with a view of showing that the member for Arras was worse than the whole of them put together. This report was published a whole year after the execution of the mighty Jacobin. To it was appended a selection of papers found in his humble lodgings—some true, some forgeries, as Lord Brougham allows, but scarcely any of his own production. They consisted of letters written to him, some atrocious, some admirable, but proving nothing, as very many of the infamous correspondents who addressed him, pouring forth sanguinary ideas, were by him denounced and sent to the scaffold.* Then followed the Directory, a time of transition, when men without principle ruled; succeeded by the tyranny of Napoleon. In one day perished at the will of this man more human beings than fell during the whole tottering rule of Robespierre; blood shed on one hand for personal aggrandisement; on the other—and this is Robespierre's crime—allowed to be shed, because he was not strong enough to stay it, or because he thought it necessary. We shall see who were the few men sent by Robespierre himself to the scaffold, and we must recollect that all Europe was raging at the gates of France, with sixty departments out of ninety-three in stark rebellion.

Those were no common times. The cup of the French monarchy had been filled to overflowing, its awful crimes had crowded the book of its fate, till not a spare leaf was left. Nothing in the history of the world ever paralleled the oppression, crime, and debauchery of Gallic royalty. Massacres, assassinations, murders, heads falling from the scaffold, fratricides, parricides, poisonings; dungeons beneath the soil where rotted God's fair creatures; a long series of reigns, of which debauchery and vice of the most odious kind were the chief ornaments—an aristocracy which, while producing many men of talent, could scarce show one good and worthy member—a church, whose vow was chastity, dancing attendance in boudoirs and bending over alcoves, intriguers, profligates, worldly-minded—a people degraded, debased, shorn like sheep, starved, ignorant, and hungry victims of systematic famines;†—such is the history of divine right, and such the account of their stewardship, which alone its kings could render; and when the fabric fell, when the people rose and drove the whole pestilent brood away, and sought to substitute a free and good government, they found all Europe in arms to give them back their gentle *noblesse*, their pious bishops and abbés; and then, because this people, offspring of ages of despotism, slaves emancipated, but ignorant, starved, angry—who knew of the holy truths of religion nothing, but of vile prelatic example much—whose acquaintance with

* Among the letters extracted were several from Napoleon to Robespierre.

† The *paotes de famine*: those infamous schemes to make money out of the people's sufferings still exist.

those who should be ministers of a saviour's will, the very truest friends of the people, tended to show them, not only as in Milton's time,

"———hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw,"

but the most debauched courtiers of the time, because this people did not suddenly become calm, dignified, and great, and practise every Christian virtue, every priest and lordling who has since written has described the Great Revolution as a saturnalia of crime.

Beneath Napoleon, of course, praise of a Republican was vainly to be hoped for. Under the Restoration two classes of writers appeared. Those who sought to disfigure, calumniate, and falsify the event which had brought so many blessings upon France, those who had to avenge their being chased from the temple by the popular scourge, and those who sought to restore it in some measure to its true features. Charles Nodier and Tissot did almost justice to Robespierre, but the great work of that time was the history of Thiers, a book which—the only complete and sterling history of the great drama—obtained, necessarily, wide popularity : as unfortunately as necessarily. Thiers is a man of great talent, of much research, and possessed of all the advantages of style and diction. He wants, however, the great quality of an historian, sincerity. A would-be minister, a place-hunter, an office-seeking statesman, his "History of the French Revolution" is, above all, written to advance his own interests. With this view, a line of demarcation is drawn in his pages between the leaders of the French bourgeoisie, who are the electors, and the leaders of the people, who are not. With this view, Lafayette, Mirabeau, the Girondins, the Voltairians, and all those who wished to use the French Revolution for the advantage of the middle classes only are lauded immeasurably ; while all those who were the champions of equality, of rights for all men, the Rousseauites, are treated as Jacobins, demagogues, atheists, bloody-minded and tyrannical. Let Robespierre reply :—

"What! shall I have existed upon this earth but to leave behind me the name of tyrant? Of tyrant! if I were one they would crawl at my feet; I should cram them with gold; I should ensure them the right to commit every crime; and they would be grateful. What am I—I whom they accuse? A slave of liberty, a living martyr of the Republic, the victim, more even than the scourge, of crime."

Of subsequent writers we shall speak in the course of our present inquiry, Lord Brougham, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Alphonse Esquiros, and others who have lately spoken of this remarkable man.* We shall now quote the several

* In the outset I must remark that I have no intention of making an attempt to prove Robespierre perfect, and to meet objection half way. On his claims to be considered a Christian I shall not pretend to decide. That is a matter between him and his God; but as he fully recognised Christ and his mission we cannot call him a Deist. Perhaps he was a Unitarian, but if any man shall, because I seek to defend this great republican, who was mighty and glorious as a tribune of the people, from the odium which rests on him, thence argue me heterodox, he will commit an injustice. To be a good Christian and a good citizen is my most earnest wish, however I may succeed in my aspirations. But this is not the question. Half the crimes of power have been committed under pretence of religion, which only proves the base hypocrisy of the kings, potentates, and popes so guilty; and if on inquiry Robespierre be found great, honest, patriotic, and yet not wholly a believing Christian, all we must conclude is that he erred most egregiously. But in an age when Voltaire reigned on the public mind, when the Girondins and Anarchists scoffed at religion, when atheism was loudly proclaimed by nobles, priests, and people, not one sentiment adverse to religion ever passed the lips of Maximilian Robespierre. Individually, as my own opinion, I do most sincerely believe that, after crushing, as he did, the age of reason, and bringing about a return to God, Robespierre would have restored Christianity, not as a state religion, but as one supported by the state. So wonderful was his influence on the popular mind, that a man, still living, who before had been a follower of the goddess of reason, says: "When Robespierre declared God to exist by a decree, I hastened to obey." That man is now a humble Christian, and still loves Robespierre.

opinions which have been expressed about him; and then, by diligent and patient research, seek to rescue his memory from the calumny which has assailed him. Unfortunately the group which stands around him—the tiger Marat, the profligate Danton, author of the September massacres, Hebert, the atheist and socialist, Anacharsis Clootz, the pantheist, the splendid but materialist and atheistical Girondins,—has not a little tended to cloud his memory. Historians have hurried over evidence and come to the hasty conclusion that all were alike. It was perfectly natural that ferocity, brutality, crime, blood, should stain the revolution of a people where kings and rulers had done their best to make them ferocious, brutal, criminal, and bloody; and the wonder is that the tide was stayed so soon; but the more honour to the small but devoted and rigid republican band, which strove to stem the waves and bring the nation to a solid and firm basis. Robespierre expected what would be his fate:—

“They wish,” he cries, “to tear from me life, with the right of defending the people. Let them take my life; I give it them without regret. I have the experience of the past, I see the future. What friend of his country could survive the moment when he can no longer be useful to it, and defend oppressed innocence? How can we support the sight of this horrible succession of traitors, more or less able to conceal their hideous souls under the veil of virtue and of friendship, and who will leave to posterity the embarrassment of deciding which of the persecutors of my country was the most cowardly and the most atrocious? While gazing on the multitude of crimes which the torrent of the revolution has rolled forth pell mell, with so many civic virtues, I sometimes fear, I confess, I shall be soiled in the eyes of posterity by the impure neighbourhood of so many perverse wretches; and I rejoice to see the fury of the Catilines and Verres of my country tracing a profound line of demarcation between them and all honest men. In every history have I seen the defenders of liberty crushed by calumny, murdered by factions; but their oppressors have died also. Both the good and the wicked disappear from the earth, but on very different conditions. No! Chaumette, no; death is not an eternal sleep, death is but the beginning of immortality.”*

Before quoting the series of historic opinions which will give an idea of the calumnies by which Robespierre has been assailed, we select a passage from a writer to whom we owe many useful pieces of information on this subject.

“Some few years ago, in the church of Carvin, near Arras, was seen, and perhaps still is, a tomb decorated by a seigniorial *blazon*, and by a name which will ever be immortal: it was the sepulchre of the family of Robespierre. Strange contrast of things here below! The man descended from patrician ancestors—Francois-Maximilian-Joseph-Isodere de Robespierre—raised by his heart, elevated by his reason above the odious prejudices of his caste, becomes the ardent and enlightened defender of the rights of human nature; and the obscure plebeian, ungrateful son of a revolution which opened for him the road to riches and power, becomes the systematic as ignorant detractor of the most glorious martyr of that revolution. The fate of the just and of the right-minded man is indeed a sad fate. ‘It would seem,’ says Robespierre, somewhere, ‘that truth is only destined to appear to men when it is no longer useful to them.’ The only fault which can be reproached to the victim of the Thermidorians—and that

* As in the present work I take nothing at second-hand, but go to the fountain-head, where even the facts rest not upon exclusive information, as with Lamartine, I at once quote my authority for the speeches of Robespierre. Thiers, Tissot, and others scarcely ever quote their sources, which deteriorates from their works—Lamartine never. But Lamartine is a poet. Louis Blanc is more conscientious. The speeches of Robespierre are to be found in the *Moniteur* from 1789 to his death. An edition of this work, comprising the first ten years of the revolution, has just been published in thirty-two volumes, for 12*l.*, by Plon, Paris, which shows how popular is the study of this subject. The rest are to be found in “*L’Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution Française*,” in 40 volumes, by Buchez and Roux, an invaluable work, which shows vast research and patience. It and the *Moniteur* are history of themselves.

fault constitutes his glory—is that he conceived in his great soul too lofty an opinion of human nature. As time, in its way, shall become distant from him, he will become great in the admiration of the people. But how many ages must elapse ere the city of Arras shall dare to pay public homage to his memory?"*

Marie-Joseph-Chenier thus alludes to Robespierre :—"To this bloody epoch succeeded that of the Thermidorians—memorable, immortal epoch—when the National Convention alone, using that strength which some supposed them to have lost, reconquered public liberty. Then were crushed dictatorship and the triumvirate"—to be replaced by the directory, who had three horses in a row to their carriages, a pretorian guard, and whose favours were sought, like those of kings, by supplicating at the door of frail beauty.

Baudin, president of the Convention, speaking of the fall of Robespierre, said, "The day of virtue succeeds to the horrible day of crime. . . . As long as Mirabeau lived Robespierre remained confounded in the crowd of deputies attached to the popular cause. He dared to think that, after the death of this athlete, he had no superior. . . . The true crime of the Girondins was to have wished the quick organisation of the republic when Robespierre aspired at dictatorship; of having discovered, in the sombre soul of the tyrant, the thirst of power by which he was devoured; of having irritated his pride by their talents, of which he could not support the lustre; of having published truths fit for the people to know, instead of deceiving them by base flattery. . . . Approach, ferocious tyrant; come, and feast your eyes, pitiless as they are, on the horrid spectacle." With the addition of calling him tiger, coward, &c., the speech is made up of these words. We must recollect the man voted with him when he was alive.

Carnot accuses him of being a man without principles, a monster. Carnot is one of the very greatest of French republicans, but he spoke to suit the passions of the time. Another speaks thus :—"Robespierre was gifted in the highest degree with those qualities which make the revolutionist, and the virtues which constitute the republican; he was perfect in his integrity, inaccessible to ambition, and devoured alone by the desire of naturalising on the soil of France the social system which should regenerate it. All the acts of the revolutionary tornado were for him cruel necessities, which he suffered while he sighed over them. But the atrocities of the proconsuls, the frightful joys of the siecles of the guillotine, were strange to him; and the infamy of them must be thrown upon his adversaries, the men of the 9th Thermidor. Submissive to the laws passed by the Convention, he preferred perishing to employing against this emanation of the popular sovereignty the imposing forces of the Jacobins and the Parisian militia—all devoted to him."†

The same writer says—"In bringing to the light his true enemies, the 9th Thermidor signalises better than by all his speeches his desire of founding the republic on institutions, of bringing a terrible government to ideas of moderation, which his victories enabled him to proclaim without danger." It must be remembered that the Paris Jacobins and Cordeliers ruled France, and that a hungry mob, maddened by ignorance, distress, and the ferocious doctrines of Marat, Hebert, and others, ruled the clubs. To steer his way through these was the task of Robespierre, and he had just reached the end of his journey when his enemies overthrew him. Who were his enemies? The anarchists whom, out of pity, he had spared, but who ceasing not their infamous designs, he had determined on sacrificing—Amar, Vadier, Vouland, the terrorists of the committee of public safety, Billaud Varennes, the horrid purveyor to the guillotine; Collet d'Herbois, with the former, and Danton, author of the September massacres, and the bombardier of the *Commune affranchie*, as Lyon was called, the most impure faction of the committee; Tallien, Freron, the butcher Legendre, friend of Marat; the two

* Arthur Guilloit, in "*Revue Independente*." Vol. 21, July, 1845: Paris.

† "*Memoirs de Robespierre*." Paris: 1830.

Bourdons, the most ferocious men of the mountain; these, whom the intentions of Robespierre alarmed because, seeing himself strong, he was about to put an end to anarchy and disorders.*

An advocate of the *ancien regime* of Louis XV., Dubarry, the Regency, &c., thus speaks:—"This monster was more ferocious than Nero, almost as credulous as Claudius. . . . But ambitious views suppose a degree of boldness which he did not possess. Cartouche slaughtered his victims with his own hand, when he sought their spoils; nature had gifted him with that strength, or that habit, which places men above remorse, and stays the tears of conscience. Robespierre was beneath this wretch; . . . he was ferocious and cowardly." This writer denies his incorruptibility:—"It was not with his Convention pay that he acquired a printing-office—that he paid the host of brigands who guarded his person—that he gave sumptuous feasts at St. Cloud, at Cenglaux, at Issey, or in his house of the Champs Elysée,"—that is, his garret in the rue St. Honoré! He further accuses him of being profligate, and spending his nights as did the Regent D'Orleans; statements which can only be explained by the consummate impudence of the writer.†

Another writer says—"It is not with Cataline and Cromwell that posterity will assign him a place; it will put him beside the most vile wretches who, from the baseness of their character and the enormity of their crimes, have rendered themselves famous: his name will one day be an insult." This historian thus gets over his incorruptibility:—"No one ever tried to corrupt him;" and then adds, of the man who would have paled the name of Napoleon—if, indeed, that fortunate soldier had then ever been heard of—had he lived:—"He loved no one, no one loved him." His disciples worshipped him; his brother insisted on dying with him. "He had accomplices, and not a single friend. He was without one amiable quality. His manner was cold and awkward, his look sinister, his conversation without interest, his commerce unsafe. Suspicious to excess, he watched what was said rather than listened. He had no knowledge of the exact sciences; scarcely did he know the simple rules of arithmetic. He neither understood poetry, nor painting, nor music; he had no taste for the agreeable arts—for the arts which contribute to the embellishment and even glory of empires." But the great fault is yet to come:—"Some days before his death he spoke violently in the Jacobin Club against the journalists;" that is, against the *Ami du peuple*, *Les lettres* ——— *patriotique du véritable Pere Duchesne*; and when he was dead this wretched gang of scribblers set to work and played over again the farce of the ass and the dead lion.‡

"There was in that man something of Mahomet and Cromwell," says Thibaudau, "wanting their genius."

The Abbé Montgaillard is very energetic—he allows him no talent whatever; he thinks Barreuve above him, because he could lie better and make use of good revolutionary jargon, as well as invent new phrases; St. Just, because of his diction; Couthon, Collet D'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, because they had the energy of the language of brigands by profession; to Robespierre he allows no redeeming quality, while giving the history of his mastery over his fellows, and saying—"Has not a sovereign said, 'What a pity M. Robespierre is dead! If he had lived but a few weeks more, he would have been master of France; I would have recognised him as the head of the Government, and we should now have peace;'"—which Robespierre always tried for, contending against war; war which caused the terror, until the last moment, when Brissot and the whole Girondin party were madly rushing to destruction.§

M. Dulaure|| seeks to prove that Robespierre was throughout an agent of the

* Lammartine: vol. 8. "Histoire Parlementaire de Revolution Française:" vol. 12. The *Moniteur*, Tissot, Nodier, &c.

† Fantin Desodoard's "Histoire de la Revolution de France."

‡ "Le Conjurateur de Robespierre."

§ "Histoire de France," par l'Abbé Montgaillard.

|| In article of the *Censeur de Lyon*: 1815.

emigration, and was secretly wishing for the counter-revolution. This was written during the hundred days, to bring Louis XVIII. into odium, and is only worthy of notice as a curious opinion.

M. Mignet observes—"Robespierre had qualities for tyranny; a mind by no means great, but not common; the advantage of a single passion, the exterior of patriotism, a merited reputation for incorruptibility, an austere life, and no aversion for blood. . . . We must add, also, that Robespierre was supported by an immense and fanatical sect, whose government he had demanded and supported . . . It had for symbol in politics the absolute sovereignty of the Contrat Social of Rousseau, and in belief the deism of the profession of faith of the Savoyard vicar."

By way of variety we quote a poetical piece, which has the merit of being gravely funny:—

Robespierre à son tour gravissant le rivage
De la mare de sang qu'il traverse à la nage,
Vient arrêter devant l'étonnant envoyé
Son *profil convulsif de chat-tigre effrayé*;
Robespierre! . . . tribun que le terreur évoque
Entre les front chargé des forfaits d'une époque
Propageant une idée à l'aide du bourreau,
Changeant le char des rois en rouge tombeau!
Robespierre! artisan des publiques tempêtes,
Nain devenu colosse en abattant des têtes,
Et qui, pentife étrange, au terrestre séjour,
Osa decreter Dieu mis à l'ordre du jour!
"C'est Louis, a-t-il dit . . . Sous nos combres coupoles
Laissez-moi recoller sa tête à ses épaules."* &c.

M. Thiers calls him egotistical, cowardly, perfidious, cruel, hypocritical, vain, full of hate, jealous, with a narrow and common mind. He denominates him also, a false intelligence, bloody and proud pontiff, not great enough to be ambitious, and other names which Heroditus or Plutarch would have thought unworthy of an historian. Lord Brougham is equally severe, though allowing somewhat more talent.

Other opinions are a little more favourable:—"Devoured by ambition, Robespierre thought blood necessary to his projects, and he poured it forth; but it would be absurd to imagine that he ever invented or directed all these little details of cruelty, which were the delight of Fouquier, of Dumas, of Lebon, of Collet, and all that crowd of proconsuls and members of committees, who, less vast in their ambition, but more vile, were some as cruel, all more barbarous, than him. They afterwards threw all their crimes on Robespierre, being willing to pass for more cowardly than they were, in order to appear less guilty, but if the tyrant overthrown could not speak for himself, facts speak for him. No one is ignorant that it was during his absence from the committees in 1794 that terror was carried to its height; but what the coryphees of the Thermidorians reproached him on the 9th Thermidor was not with having tyrannised over and ruined his country, but one for having despised his report on the agents of Pitt, the other of having slighted his financial labours, &c."†

Another writer says: "It must not be thought that Robespierre was guilty of all the crimes of which his memory is accused. . . . Robespierre was accused, after his fall, of all the crimes of his accomplices, and even of his enemies. . . . it is equally certain he meant to put an end to the terror. . . . if he did not dare to announce it openly it was because he feared the opposition of the very men who upset him, and who were watching to accuse him of moderation if he gave them the occasion."‡

* Soumet "*Divine Epopée*."

† "Historical and Biographical Dictionary of the Men of the Revolution."

‡ "Biographie Universelle," a work not at all favourable to the Revolution.

One* who refuted the Abbé Montgaillard's history, and the article of Du-laure, places the accusation of Robespierre being an agent of the emigrants, alongside the rumour of Napoleon's conspiring to restore Louis XVIII., and remarks that he was not the most cruel of revolutionists, since he prevented a frightful massacre by the arrest of the Hebertists, and died because his intention to stop the terror alarmed its worst leaders; that he was not mediocre, "since his speeches exist to attest the contrary; for, Saint Just excepted, he is perhaps the only founder of the revolutionary government who was superior to the ordinary passions, whose assistance he accepted to conquer the obstinates at home and the formidable enemies of the republic abroad."

The writer, who lived during the whole scene, puts the matter in a light so just that I make a large extract:—

"In truth, the leaders of all the factions showed themselves very modest in uniting to proclaim the nullity of him who, without any other resource than the austerity of his manners and his principles, succeeded in conquering them all, and who only fell because he endeavoured to regularise the revolutionary action at a time when it could not yet yield to the prudence of man. From the very first storms of the constituent assembly, Robespierre understood the impossibility of sincerely uniting the new order of things to the heir of the absolute power of sixty kings; he foresaw the opposition of the court, its manœuvres without and within France, the popular irritation which would inevitably result from their machinations, and he placed the end of the revolution, peace and order for regenerated society in democratic institutions as he had conceived them in his meditations on the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau, or in his admiration of the republics of antiquity. This idea, which rules and pursues him without ceasing, pierces through all his discourses in the national assembly; he is a republican by anticipation, he thinks himself already in the bosom of his new Sparta,† and, full of Montesquieu, he invokes virtue as the vital principle of government. While he thus looks to the future, parties break up violently around him; the privileged classes repel equality—they fly to arms and raise Europe in their cause. The revolution is in danger, Robespierre sees it, and abandoning for the time his abstract speculations, he feels that to be able to apply them some day the *ancien regime* must be prevented from returning; and as this retrogression is in his eyes the immediate consequence of the triumph of the coalesced kings, as this triumph seems to him imminent if it be not conquered by the bursting forth of the national anger and the fury of the multitude, he rests upon Jacobinism, without adopting its errors, without giving it anything but a temporary importance; and when this powerful auxiliary, in its anarchical tendency, menaces to demoralise the nation and to uproot the principles upon which he prepared to found the re-organisation of French society; when ochlocratism, subversive of all moral and all social order, tries to constitute itself in a definitive manner, and to add greater excesses to those already committed, Robespierre strikes them without indulgence, without regard to the services rendered against the common enemy, and then recalls the people to those primordial notions on which should repose their future happiness. We behold him combatting the extravagancies of the apostles of reason; opposing himself to the scandal of abjurations imposed upon Catholic priests; indignant against the annoyances suffered by citizens who go to mass in secret, or ministers who officiate; proposing at last a new worship, destined to serve as a tie to the chiefs and members of the nation who have abandoned the old beliefs. He knows that in excluding religion from the social organisation he would leave an immense void in his system, and would furnish to the enemies of republican institutions the occasion for seizing exclusively on a sentiment indestructible in man." This writer then

* Uranett de Leuze.

† It was a ridiculous, little, and false appreciation of Spartan virtues which made so many Revolutionists cruel. The French are the most strangely-imitative people in creation. Few, however, imitated the gentle democracy of Athens.

shows that it was the religious sentiments of Robespierre which proved his ruin. The atheists took alarm, and "a monstrous coalition was formed, the revolutionists in the sense of crime circumvented the most disinterested democrats." But we shall arrive at this great catastrophe in time.*

Again we find, "All that the republican era produced of splendid, of great, of immortal, had its germ or its birth in the second committee of public safety—that committee twelve times re-elected amid general acclamations, and which Robespierre *dominait* (ruled by his weight) as he did the whole Convention. You say that it was unknown to this stupid and barbarous man, to the butcher of the sciences and those who cultivated them, that so many prodigies were thought and said. But did Robespierre alone not see what Europe admired while shuddering? Or if he saw, if his power was such as it was described after his death, what prevented him from adding to his victims those illustrious members who kept alive the sacred fire—the Carnots, the Prieur de la Cote d'Or, the Guytons, the Fourcroy, the Gregoires, the Rommes, the Lakanals? He, too, loved lettres, sciences, and arts; he but pursued the mercenary herd who dishonoured them." In the course of the present inquiry it will be seen that those who were what is called the victims of Robespierre were that body of raving apostles of democracy who ruin the sacred cause of liberty by their insane violence. Democracy is liberty for all men, whatever their social position; it is the annihilation of monopoly, whether of legislation or honour; but it gives as much freedom, safety, and rights to the rich as to the poor, to the poor as to the rich. Such is the theory of all republicans whose opinions are worthy of any consideration. But Marat, Hebert, Cloutz, Desmoulins, understood democracy to mean anarchy; rights for the poor only, oppression for the rich, the destruction of every social tie; universal distribution of property, support of unemployed by the state to an extent which would leave the state nothing to employ them, with the liberty topillage, blasphemy, and outrage. And it was this scum of democracy, this offscourings of republicanism, this sect of anarchists, as insane as the advocates of despotism, which Robespierre crushed, with Danton, dangerous from his vices and utter want of principle. Too many still, particularly in France, disgrace the word liberty by theories as pestilent as those of the Maratists, while even in England certain men understand by democracy licence for the poor and tyranny for the employers; but such social disorganisers are few here, however powerful abroad,† and will never have weight or power amid an enlightened people. Between democrat and demagogue is a wide gulph.

Charles Nodier, whom we shall use more particularly when we come to the *Fête de l'Être Suprême*, thus characterises the fall of Robespierre:—"Such were the chiefs of that execrable party the Thermidorians, who tore France from Robespierre to give it to the hangman, and who, deceived in their sanguinary hopes, threw their country at the head of an audacious soldier; of that faction, for ever odious in history, who death-struck the republic, in the persons of its last defenders, to seize without resistance the right to decimate the people, and who had not strength sufficient to make use of their crime. Robespierre knew them so well that he disdained to address them, and, turning towards another part of the assembly, pure, but fickle and meticulous, implored the support of all honest men. . . . A party chief, who has no other resource but in what is called the *honnêtes gens*, should wrap himself in his cloak and blow his brains out;" a piece of brainless advice worthy of a Bedlamite, and disgraceful to a man of talent and discrimination.

The reader will perceive what a variety of opinions have been expressed upon this wonderful man. Enough have been quoted for my purpose. I now proceed to ask of history—of facts—of the writings and speeches of Robespierre,—which is the just appreciation of his character. As far as I already know of him, he was a great man, a sincere patriot, a true republican, placed in perilous and anomalous circumstances which forced him into the commission of great

* Uranett de Leuze: "Refutation de Montgaillard."

† The Socialists.

faults. His radical error was hesitation. He knew the wickedness of his enemies, but he paused too long to crush them. He took the anarchists one by one, when he should have destroyed them in a mass. However this may be, I know that for what I shall do I shall obtain far more obloquy than reputation; but having, in the course of my studies on the French revolution, found this man much calumniated, I have not hesitated humbly to strive in some measure to see justice done him. His talent has been worse treated than his characteristics; but I shall quote some pieces which will at once settle this point. The man who could write an ironical passage like the following could not be wholly contemptible:—

“The False Revolutionist.—Full of fire for great resolutions which signify nothing—more than indifferent for those which might honour the cause of the people and save the country—much devoted to patriotic forms, and attached (like the bigots they war against) to exterior forms, they would rather wear out a hundred red caps than do one good action. . . . Should we act, they talk; should we deliberate, they commence by acting; should we defend the territory, they wish to go in search of tyrants beyond seas and over mountains; should we retake our frontiers, they are for assailing our churches and scaling heaven! They forget the Austrians to make war on devotees; should we support our cause by the fidelity of our allies, they declaim against Governments, and prepare a decree of accusation against the Great Mogul!”*

—* Rapport le 18 pluviere an ii., sur les principes de morale politique qui doivent guider la Convention dans l’administration interieure de la republique.

(To be continued.)

A WISH FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Sweet sing the bells;
And their music tells
That the old year hath pass’d by,
Awakening thought,
With a lesson fraught,
How the hours and the moments fly.
While my heart doth own
This wish alone:
For each revolving year,
Justly to claim
A spotless name,
With God, my only fear.

And grateful joy
My thanks employ,
If not for this world’s wealth,
Yet that I live,
And still can give
Those thanks for peace and health.
Thus may each year
That finds me here,
Behold me as the last;
Each morn and even,
Still thanking Heaven
For the blessings of the past.

THE TWO WOMEN OF NUREMBERG.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

By MRS. CROWE.

ELEONORA Maria Schoning was the daughter of a poor mechanic in the city of Nuremberg. Her mother had died in giving her birth; and when she was seventeen years old, she, the sole mourner, followed her father to the grave.

Maria's life up to that period had been one of uninterrupted hardship and sorrow. Whilst she was yet almost an infant, her father fell sick; and after protracted suffering entirely lost the use of his limbs. Child as she was, she waited on him assiduously, and when necessity obliged them to part with a woman who had been engaged to take care of both father and daughter, she had the sole charge of the invalid. And well she fulfilled her duty. From the age of thirteen she scarcely quitted his bedside. By night, her little mattress was stretched on the floor beside his couch; by day she attended to all his wants, rubbed warmth into his withered limbs, and with a preternatural strength that filial love supplied, she lifted him on her shoulders in and out of bed. At the same time she managed their little household economy with a sagacity and prudence beyond her years.

Neither instruction, nor society, nor help, nor hope, had Maria Schoning—she did not know what play was; she had neither friend nor companion; her character was formed in a school of constant self denial, till she had grown insensible to privation. She expected nothing—she required nothing.

Her father died with blessings and prayers upon his lips, and with his latest breath recommended his good and faithful daughter to the protection of Heaven.

Indeed, she needed it, for who was so desolate as Maria Schoning!

Martin Schoning had not always been so poor as he was in his latter years. He had been a skilful, industrious, and thrifty workman; and in the early days of his marriage had not only lived very comfortably, but had contrived to lay by something to maintain him in his old age. But first his eyes failed him, which in the trade he followed were much needed; and then his general health grew feeble. He had thus been thrown out of employment, and fallen into poor circumstances. It had been only by the most rigid economy and an admirable prudence that his daughter had contrived so to eke out his scanty store as to make it last till the period of his death. When he was laid in the grave, and the expenses of the funeral discharged, there was only as much remaining as might serve to provide the poor orphan with bread till she could look about for some employment. There was also the little furniture of the humble cottage, which her father had recommended her to sell, in order that with the proceeds she might repair her scanty wardrobe, and make a decent appearance in whatever service she might obtain.

But in the first anguish of her bereft heart poor Maria could not think of these matters; she could think but of what she had lost—her only friend—her only interest in the world—all that bound her to life, was gone!

When such hurried words as despatch the poor to Heaven had been muttered by the minister, when the grave was covered in, and the gravedigger and sexton had gone their way, Maria too went home. She would rather have staid; she would have willingly sat by the grave all day, but the churchyard was a thoroughfare; and the passengers looked at her—some stopped and stared—some spoke; she could not shed her tears in quiet.

At home she was sure nobody would disturb her.

But she was mistaken; she had not been home half an hour, when some one knocked against the door; it was the assessor. He had come to inspect the property of the deceased, in order to ascertain if he had duly paid his scot and lot,

and owed nothing to the state. He asked for the keys; Maria gave him the only one she had, which was that of the cupboard where her little stock of money and clothes were stored. He was a great man, this official—very! so he routed about and turned out everything, without the slightest regard to the poor mourner, and having thoroughly examined the premises, he decided that Martin Schoning had defrauded the state—he had been under-rated, and his goods must be seized to make up the deficiency.

They were easily seized, and carried away, too; a truck conveyed the whole from the door, except the modicum of money; that went into the great man's pocket.

When her household goods and the despoilers were gone, Maria, who had no chair left, sat down upon the floor. She was alone again, and could weep with no human eye upon her—that was at least something; and there she remained all night, sleeping a little ever and anon, and then waking again to the recollection of her misfortune—and to her tears.

But with the day came more troubles. The tax officers returned, and said she must quit the house, which they had orders to take possession of. So Maria arose from the floor and went forth into the street. A person who happened to be passing and heard what was doing bade her go to the assessor's office and represent her case. "I don't think," said he, "they have any right to turn you out." So she went. She found several men writing, and one of them asked her what she wanted. She tried to speak, but tears *would* come instead of words. When she had stood there sobbing some time, and by her broken sentences they had obtained some idea of the nature of her errand, they told her it was useless coming there, as the matter did not rest with them; they had no authority whatever to mitigate the decree of the assessor. So she was turned into the streets again, where she walked about for some hours. When night came she mechanically turned her steps to the churchyard of St. Jacob's, where her father lay. His grave seemed the only spot on earth she had a claim to; and there, exposed to wind and weather, she remained till morning—and even slept.

When the day dawned she awoke, and fled, terror-struck, into the city. She fled the dead, but without seeking the living. On the contrary, she roamed through the least frequented streets, sought no notice, asked no alms. At length, weary, she took refuge under a quickset hedge that enclosed a garden; and there she hid herself for some hours, till hunger sent her back into the town, to wander through the streets again. When the evening closed in, she once more repaired to the churchyard; and it was past midnight when she again quitted it, and the streets were almost empty.

At the period we write of (1789) there existed a law in Nuremberg, that any female found in the streets after ten o'clock should be carried to the police-office. The watch received half-a-crown for every woman they took there. Of course they let none escape, so they seized on Maria and dragged her before the magistrate. When she was led into the office, she found herself in the presence of two gentlemen, one of whom had a book before him, in which he wrote down the names of the women that were brought up; the other had his hat and great-coat on, and was standing with his back to the fire. He was a fine, ruddy-looking, stout man, with an unpleasant expression of countenance, a clear, sonorous voice, and ready speech.

A few questions were put to the poor girl which clearly showed that they suspected her to belong to a very unfortunate class of women, and brought the blood of indignation into cheeks which, till now, never had cause to blush. She opened her lips to repel the imputation the question conveyed, but confusion arrested the words she would have spoken; her voice and limbs failed her and she sunk insensible on the floor.

The bell was rung, and the magistrate, whose name was Albert Herrenhausen, desired that she should be conveyed into another room; and that as she did not appear a hardened offender, she should be dismissed in the morning, with an injunction never to be found in the streets again at forbidden hours.

It was some time before she recovered her senses; when she did, they gave her a mug of water and a morsel of bread, and allowed her to stretch herself on a bench, where she passed the night. At an early hour they put her forth, without making any inquiries into the particulars of her history; but strongly enforcing the consequences that would ensue if she disobeyed the magistrate's order.

But how was she to avoid the infraction?—she, who had not where to lay her head. What pillow had she but the grave? she knew of no other; and since it appeared to her that death was her only refuge she resolved to throw herself into the Pegnitz—the river that runs close to the city.—There, “on that other shore,” she should at least meet her father. That hope winged her feet, and she fled through the streets like one possessed.

She had almost reached the stream that was to terminate her earthly sorrows, when, as she was rushing through a mean alley that led down to the water, she heard herself called by name.

“Maria Schoning!” said a voice; “Maria Schoning, whither are you going so fast?”

Involuntarily she stopped; it seemed so strange that any one should know her name. The voice was familiar to her ear, too, although it was long since she had heard it; it was that of Ann Herlin, the servant that had lived with her father in her childhood. Ann had married an invalid soldier, and happened to be standing at her house door, when the hurried step and wild aspect of the unfortunate girl attracted her attention. “Maria, where are you running to?” said she. But Maria's face answered for her; despair was written on her features.

“Good Heavens!” cried Ann, seizing her by the arm, “come in here!” and leading the poor fugitive into the house, she placed her by the fire, warmed her perishing limbs, and gave her food.

This unexpected mercy brought tears; the crushed heart found relief; and as soon as she could speak Maria hid her face in the bosom of her friend, and told her sad story and miserable state. “What could I do,” said she, “but die?”

But Ann comforted the bruised spirit, and bade her suffer all things for the love of God. “Life is short, dearest child,” said she, “but eternity is long. We must bear the burthen that is put upon us; in his good time the Lord will lift it from our shoulders. It is not for us to fling it down.”

What comfortable words these were, and what a blessing it was to have found a friend! Ann bade her remain with her. “My home,” said she, “as long as I have one, shall be yours;” so Maria took up her abode with kind Ann Henlin.

But Ann was very poor; she had two children; her husband was sick, and unable to work; her house was a wretched hovel, and their fare was coarse and scanty. A worthy, honest creature was Ann; but she, too, was one of those persons who seem doomed to misfortune from their cradle. The world had always gone ill with her; she had struggled hard to rise above her difficulties, but they were stronger than she was. Adverse fate had beat her out of everything but her faith and her virtue; these were nearly all she had left, but they were much, and with her charity they enabled her to bear her burthen.

It was this poverty that Maria was invited to share, and thankful she was for it. Of course she took her part of whatever work was to be got, and helped to nurse the children and the sick man.

It was in the month of February that old Martin Schoning had died; and during the ensuing spring and summer the labour of the two women kept want from the door; but when winter came round again their difficulties increased; employment became scarce; and Ann, exhausted by fatigue, cold, and poor living, fell sick. Maria toiled night and day to win bread for her benefactress as long as she could get anything to do; and when she could not, they had recourse to selling their little furniture, bit by bit, till all was gone but the bed that Anton Herlin lay on.

Ann was ill the whole winter; towards spring she showed symptoms of amendment; but as she improved the old man grew worse, and early in the month of March he died.

The only assistance they had through these troubles was from the doctor, who attended them gratuitously. But he was a very poor man, who, though he took no money from them, could not afford to give them any. Sometimes he brought a flask of wine in his pocket, and sometimes a little food, for he saw that Ann's illness was occasioned by want of proper nourishment and the comforts her exhausted constitution required.

She got better at last; her health seemed tolerably re-established, but her mind appeared affected by her enduring misfortunes. She had become silent and abstracted, and often sat for hours on a low stool, the only seat they had left, buried in a sort of stupor. Meantime work failed wholly; charity might have aided them, but Maria was too shy to ask it.

It was the last day of March, the weather was extremely cold, and the only morsel of bread they had had been divided betwixt the widow's two children in the morning. It was now night; and for the last two hours the youngest girl had been crying uninterruptedly for food, whilst the eldest lay on the floor in a state of complete exhaustion. In a corner of the room sat Maria, rocking backwards and forwards her attenuated frame, as if seeking by incessant motion to suppress the gnawing pangs of hunger. Ever and anon she glanced at the children, and then at their wretched mother, who with her hands crossed upon her breast, lay silent and motionless on the straw mat that served her for a bed.

Suddenly the great clock of the cathedral struck ten. Maria started to her feet; that hour, that clock, seemed to have awakened some new train of thought. Her movements were hurried; there was a strange wildness in her eye; she pressed the children convulsively to her breast, imprinted a kiss on the forehead of her unhappy friend, and rushed out of the house.

The wind blew, and the rain fell fast, and the streets were deserted. She met nobody but the watch, who immediately seized her; and as he happened to be the very officer that had arrested her before, he told her mockingly, that as this was the second time she had been found offending, she would be flogged in the morning, in order to teach her better behaviour for the future.

Maddened by the bitter contumely of the man, her own sufferings, and the thought of the starving ones to whom she had no hope of bringing bread, a terrible idea took possession of her diseased and excited mind; and turning wildly to the officer, she bade him lead her away to the magistrate at once; "for I am far more guilty than you think," said she; "I have done a murder on my child." Surprise silenced the insolent laughter of the man, and with all speed he conducted her to the town house, where she was shut up for the night; the charge being of too grave a nature to be investigated at that late hour.

On the following morning she reiterated her assertion. She declared that she had been delivered of a child, which with the assistance of her friend, Ann Herlin, she had murdered; and that Ann, with her consent and approbation, had buried the body in a wood; the exact spot she could not tell.

Upon this Ann was forthwith apprehended as an accomplice in the crime; which, of course, she utterly denied. Neither persuasion nor threats availing to bring her to a confession, the two women were confronted; when to Ann's amazement, Maria persevered in her denunciation:—"We murdered the child, and Ann buried it in a wood."

Ann fixed her eyes on her friend, and after contemplating her for some moments in silence, she asked her what she had ever done to her, that could merit such a return as this; and turning to the magistrate she reiterated her denial. "I am innocent; I know nothing whatever of the crime of which she accuses me." As nothing more could be elicited from her, the magistrate desired that the instruments of torture should be brought in, for the purpose of extracting confession; but this was a very unexpected turn in the affair to poor Maria—that they should both be condemned to death, she had expected; but to see her benefactress submitted to the rack was a trial she had not reckoned upon.

With an energy and rapidity that prevented the officers impeding her intention, she rushed across the room, and seizing the already bound hands of

her unhappy friend, she whispered in her ear, "Confess all! confess all! dear Ann! Our sufferings will be soon over, and your children be provided for in the Orphans' Hospital."

Maria's design was manifest. Ann Herlin impressed a tender kiss on the lips of the poor girl, and then, turning calmly to the magistrate, she admitted the truth of the accusation. "All the young woman says is true," said she; "I am as guilty as she is. She is, however, wrong in one particular; I did not bury the child, but threw it into the river."

This avowal appearing perfectly satisfactory, the women were led away, and separately confined. They exchanged a significant smile as they parted, and a look that spoke the determination of each to be firm and faithful.

Judgment was soon pronounced; they were condemned to die on the scaffold; an interval of four-and-twenty hours only being allowed them for preparation. They passed the night calmly, slept, and prayed.

In the morning they were conducted to the chapel, where prayers were read; and when the prison clock tolled the hour of execution, they ascended the cart that was to convey them to the scaffold—Ann with a firm step and unmoved countenance, but Maria with trembling lips and features that betrayed the deepest anguish. They were obliged to assist her out of the cart and up the steps that led to the platform. When she had reached it, her strength and her recollection seemed entirely to fail her. She did not fall, but she stood stiff and motionless, with her eyes fixed upon her friend. The consciousness that she was taking away the life of that faithful friend by a lie had struck terror into her soul—pity and dismay into her heart. She was prepared to die herself, but not to see Ann die. But the latter, who penetrated her feelings, bade her take courage:—"In a few minutes," said she, "we shall be with God!"

In the meanwhile, the executioner having made his final preparation, and the minister having pronounced his last benediction, Ann advanced. "Me first," she said; and with an expressive look at Maria, she pointed to the heavens above, saying, "yet a little, and we are there!" and then laid her head calmly on the block. The axe was already raised over it, when Maria awakening from the trance of horror that seemed to have stiffened her limbs, and palsied her speech, uttered a piercing scream.

"Kill her not! spare her! spare her!" cried she, "she is guiltless, I alone murdered the child."

She then threw herself at the feet of the minister, and swore to him, by all that was sacred, that the accusation was a false one, from first to last. "I never had a child," said she, "and therefore could not have killed it." For myself I merit death for the crime I have committed in falsely accusing the best of women—I desire to die; but, oh! do not let me leave the world with the sin of murder on my soul, for murder it will be if you take away the life of Ann Herlin."

Truth spoke in her passionate voice and agonised countenance; the executioner stayed his hand, and the minister inquired of Ann Herlin whether what the girl now asserted was the fact. "God, alone knows it is!" answered Ann. "I was willing to die in order to escape the wretchedness of life, and I am willing still; but I cannot suffer that poor soul to leave the world in the persuasion that she is my murderess."

The sensation this scene created may be imagined. The crowd that had assembled round the scaffold was violently excited, and insisted that the execution of the sentence should be suspended; a stretch of authority which the official persons present said exceeded their powers. However, the people prevailed; and a messenger was despatched to the magistrates to inform them of what had happened.

During the interval, the minister took the opportunity of approaching the women and inquiring into their history, whereupon they related to him those particulars of their distress and destitution which had reduced them to so desperate an expedient to escape from them. Maria depicted, in the most affecting

terms, the virtues and goodness of her friend, and the worthy man was no less touched than surprised at a narrative which, strange as it was, bore so strongly the impress of truth that he could not doubt its authenticity. His pain was the greater, that it was wholly out of his power to influence the fate of the women, or take any steps in consequence of his conviction.

So says the legal report from which we gather our story; but that, under such remarkable circumstances, the minister should not have had sufficient influence to procure a further investigation of the case, seems certainly very extraordinary, and says little for the government under which the worthy and devout inhabitants of Nuremberg lived in the year 1789.

An hour elapsed; the executioner, the minister, and the subordinate officers remaining on the scaffold, and the assembled crowd beneath. At length a murmur arose amongst the outer ranks of the people that the messenger was returning. Every neck was stretched, every ear was open; the hand of the executioner shook with agitation, for he, too, was satisfied the women were innocent; the lips of the minister quivered with anxiety. The crowd, eager to hear the sentence, scarcely drew breath, lest a word should escape them. The two women alone were calm and unmoved; Ann was almost indifferent about the result, and Maria, who did not understand the imperfections of earthly justice, believed that they were certainly saved. She could not imagine that where her denunciation had been so readily admitted her honest retraction would be rejected. For herself, she wished to die, but of herself she thought nothing—her thoughts were wholly with the friend she had wronged.

The messenger ascended the scaffold and delivered a sealed paper to the executioner. The man's countenance betrayed its contents: it was an order to proceed with the execution.

A terrible cry burst forth from a thousand bosoms—a thousand voices cried aloud for justice! The minister fell upon his knees and burst into tears; but a flash of joy illuminated the wan features of Ann Herlin. Calmly she arose from the bench she had been seated on, calmly she laid her head upon the block, and in a moment the axe had divided it from her body.

The instant the blow was struck, the executioner fell senseless on the planks, and a cry of horror and indignation burst from the people. His deputy was thereupon called forward to complete the work, but when they turned their eyes upon the other victim, they saw that no axe was needed—Maria Schoning was dead. Without a struggle or a sound, unobserved by the assistants, the poor sufferer had expired. The stroke that had slain her friend had slain her too.

Thus it was looked upon by those who witnessed this terrible catastrophe. But advancing science suggests a fearful suspicion. The report goes on to say, that when they turned to Maria they not only found her dead, but that her body was stiff and cold—a condition that could scarcely have arisen in so short a space of time, had she been really dead. The probability is, that she was in a state of nervous catalepsy; and it is by no means impossible, that she was not only buried alive—since as a criminal she would be immediately laid in the grave—but that she was perfectly conscious of the whole proceedings, though unable to testify by word or movement that she was so.

What a fearful history! and what a fearful termination to her most wretched life! And yet, surely, a better disposed, more virtuous, and self-denying creature could scarcely exist. The archives of human misery present few more melancholy pages than those which record the fate of Maria Schoning.

THE DEATH-KNELL OF DEATH.

[Suggested by the following expression of an eminent philanthropist, on hearing of the recent reprieve of a condemned murderess:—"This rings the knell of punishment by DEATH!"]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES,"—A PRIZE POEM.

Its knell is rung!—its knell is rung!—

Long, long the bells have swayed and swung;

And now booms forth each brazen tongue!—

The knell is rung!—the knell is rung!

"What bells now swing?—what knells now ring,

"Elate! afar; on echo's wing?"

The bells which swing, and the knells which ring

Of the death of DEATH the tidings bring!

The death is the death of a feudal law,

Mumbled from some grim tyrant's maw,

That erst delighted to batten and know

The blood and the bones of the victims he saw.

They knell the death of the HANGMAN's trade.

Oh, God! that thy creatures should ever be made

To stop the breath THY BREATH conveyed,

When to quicken Thy work Thou first essayed!

That *Man* should presume, in his pride of power,

To shorten existence by one poor hour;

And in punishing murder should murder do,

And commit the evil himself anew!

The issues of Life and Death, 'tis said,

In the Hands abide by which *Life* was made;

Shall a worm, then, turn those issues aside,

And a DEITY's province dare deride?

Was 't for this a SAVIOUR's blood was shed,

And the curse removed from the Sinner's head?

Was, alone, the Murderer exempt

From the blessing high that *all* should tempt?

Did the SAVIOUR not, with His dying sigh,

Lift up His voice to God on High,

And plead for His slayers, with lip and eye,

Saying, "*Father, FORGIVE them ere I die!*"

And, if men like those were left to live,

Shall we not to meaner sinners give

The boon of life for its destined space,

To fit them for a Saviour's face?

And where is the moral, the good result?

The end achieved, what cause 't exult?

Hath "*blood for blood*" one red drop saved?

Enfranchised one spirit by guilt enslaved?

Hath "*BLOOD for BLOOD*" unstained one hand?

Or plucked from the furnace a single brand?

Hath the "*THINE for MINE*," that with halters hang,

Brought back one life, or assuaged one pang?

Is this *lex taliones* a ruthless thing,

With vengeance and cruelty on its wings?

Seeking to plunge an erring soul,

While *unprepared*, into endless *dole*.

The Death-Knell of Death.

If so, our crime is the worst of the two ;
 And the Hangman, who hangs for wages due,
 Takes Usurer's interest. Is 't not true ?
 His *centage* is soul and the body too !

But say that the soul be *ready*, though late,
 For the realms of bliss, of which Churchmen prate ;
 Well ! what doth the Hangman then ? Let's see.
 For MURDER he giveth FELICITY !

So thus doth it stand—the damning fact—
 Two destinies wait the self-same act ;
 And at random the criminal's soul is tost
 On the stream of Chance, to be *saved* or *lost* !

'Twere matter for marvel and wormwood jest,
 Did the *earthly* doom of a culprit rest
 On the cast of a *die*. Yet his *future* lot
 We stake at the hazard like *dust*—God wot !

No medium exists—the LAW is such
 That it takes too little or takes too much ;
 Too *little*, if taking but life's dark ills ;
 Too *much*, if the life of a SOUL it kills !

There are those who quote from the text divine
 That a meed of bread and a measure of wine
 From the blood-stained felon averts the ban.

THEN, IF GOD HATH FORGIVEN HIM WHY NOT MAN ?

When forgiven, a soul from guilt is free ;
 The curse and the stain have ceased to be ;
 Yet the pardoned of *Heaven* must trembling stand,
 And await the *Hangman's* red right hand !

No ! let the murderer *live*—live on ;
 And atone with *his* life for the life that's gone ;
 Not by laying it down where the gibbet rests,
 But by fitting the trust for its Maker's 'hests !

Consign him not to an endless state
 'Till you've *proved* contrition as true as late.
 Wait till *matured* is the fear-born germ ;
 He will live a prey to a living worm !

Give him chance to say "I *was* and I *AM*."

Punish his spirit, but do not DAMN.

Purgation enough is a prison's cell.

His *slain* would not visit his soul with HELL !

The hemp has been sown, and the hemp has been grown ;
 Has been hackled and twisted, has swung with its own ;
 It has strangled the INNOCENT ! Snap it asunder !
 That thought should alone bring its doom amid thunder.

Untwine it ! untwist it ! no effort relax !
 Unsinew the rope, and restore it to flax.
 Consign it to flame—execrating it first !
 And there let it burn, like a thing that's accurst.

Let earth give to earth but an earthly doom,
 And legislate only *this side of the tomb* ;
 There let us resign the avenging rod
 To the hands of the ONE ETERNAL GOD !

LETTERS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

I.—DIVINITY, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

MY DEAR GONDICARIUS,— You ask my advice respecting the choice of a profession for your son; but you forget that I am not acquainted with young Hopeful, and cannot, therefore, very accurately judge for what his tastes, talents, and character may adapt him. Perhaps, with the world in general, you hold that sons are rough blocks, and to be cut to any shape required. Well, I will not at present discuss that question with you; but presuming that the lad, as becomes the child of such a father, is sufficiently ductile and malleable to accommodate himself to whatever position in life may be chosen for him, I will, like a true friend and a discreet one, give you abundance of advice; cautiously hedging my counsel in such a manner that you shall hereafter be found to have acted upon it, or not to have acted upon it, just as shall best suit my book. Wary advisers give plenty of advice; but give it in such a manner, and with such qualifications, that you can never determine what they have advised. Nor, for the matter of that, can they themselves, until the right moment arrives.

Of course attention is first directed to the dignified trio, Law, Physic, and Divinity. Now, there's the Church, Gondicarius—the Church offers remarkable advantages. It is quiet, and cosy, and respectable. There is no other profession that makes a little go so far—a little, whether in the pocket or the head. I am talking of the matter now merely in a worldly view; it should, certainly, likewise be regarded in another. But to consider it in a worldly view,—one lives genteely on a curacy of thirty pounds a year, and looks through the telescope of hope at a mitre or a three-cornered hat; or, sometimes, through an ordinary Dollond at, what is in general rather less remote, the Coma Berenices, whilst instructing a troop of young bread-and-butter eaters in the distances of the stars. Once a week one takes tea at Mrs. Smith's; and as frequently at Mrs. Jones's: and you may be welcome oftener, if you will abuse Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones. It is not every curate, however, on thirty, or even on fifty pounds a year, that can make himself popular among the young ladies; and to do so among the old ones is even more difficult. I assume that your son, my dear Gondicarius, would be capable of accomplishing this; and do but for a moment contemplate the result. A young friend of mine, not long in holy orders, who performs three services per diem in a large town parish, for a gratuity of forty pounds a year, received as presents last Christmas-day, four couple of bell-pulls, sixteen urn mats, fifty-two pairs of slippers, and a hundred and twenty-eight kettle holders—all worked in worsted. But then he has a Grecian nose, a good delivery, magnificent black whiskers, and a rich grandfather. The kettle holders and slippers would last your son his life. But kettle holders and urn mats are only *part* of the advantage. My young friend has the choice of a wife among the two hundred presentees. The papas and mammas make no objections, and only inquire what cousins there are, and how the old gentleman wears. This comes of being in the Church. Who ever heard of a barrister, or even of a doctor, being presented with one hundred and twenty-eight kettle holders in one day? or, indeed, with one-half the number? Or of their having a choice among two hundred young ladies—in any place nearer than Constantinople? Still it must be borne in mind that not *all* clergymen have so extensive a field for selection. Some parishes are not so large, some noses not so handsome, some whiskers not so black, some voices not so clear, some grandfathers not so wealthy. I have even known a case in which a clergyman married his cook; and that seems to imply but a limited range to choose from. Not that I would deny the possibility of a cook making an excellent wife even for a clergyman; particularly when I consider how many clergymen there

are who would make but indifferent husbands even for a cook. But in the case to which I refer, the clergyman was at least a man of education; and his wife was a woman of no education at all. You should have seen his blank look, my dear Gondicarius, when having told her one day that he was going to step out for half an hour with his friends, and requested her to set the wine on the table in the interim, she assured him on his return that she had searched all the house for the interim, but had not been able to find it. But that is neither here nor there. I do not apprehend that your son will marry his cook. And though, as I have said, he may not have the *élite* of a large parish to choose amongst, depend upon it, if he is at all such a man as his father, he will not be driven to advertise for a wife. It was a question we lately discussed at our club—I am a member, you know, of the "Wooden Spoons,"—whether red coats or black stand the best chance with the ladies?—and the decision we came to was, that in these piping times of peace the cassock carries it away. In war time, the case may be different, for the ladies have a decided predilection for "bloody noses and cracked crowns;" but they prefer the church militant to the barrack pacifical; and they put up with Exeter Hall in the lack of a Waterloo. By the bye, will you permit me to propose you as a "Wooden Spoon?" If I remember rightly your University history, you are eligible as a member; and I assure you the learning and ingenuity with which we discuss such questions as the above, are every way worthy of the lignean cochlearean ornaments of Alma Mater.

But a curacy with the mitre in perspective,—two things that stand to each other in the relation of potatoes and point—and the choice of a wife—a matter in which the clergy can seldom be taxed with "long choosing and beginning late"—are not the only advantages offered by the church as a profession. A clergyman has peculiar privileges in elbowing his way among the thorns of life; his "cloth protects him." His nose is a *noli me tangere*; he has been dipped in the Styx, heel and all; he is "safe from shot, and flash, and stab." There is no part about him that can be wounded; there is no part that can even be kicked. It is true that you may endeavour to hurt him in his self-love. You may "tell him, if a clergyman, he lies." But the shame will recoil upon yourself. You are striking a defenceless man. He will answer you meekly,—"*Scoundrel, my cloth protects you.*" And the world will join with him against you, and cry "*shame, shame!*" An "ingenious writer"* has defined a monk to be "a coward that wont fight." Wont he? Keep clear of him, I recommend you, Mr. Wallbridge, when "*his dander is riz.*" Read the "*History of the Crusades,*" Mr. Wallbridge; read the "*Book of Martyrs*"; read Ranke as touching the Popes; read the "*Chronicles of the Middle Ages*;" go and poke over the shelves of your nearest tractarian friend. Monks, I assure you, will fight. But then there are few truths that are universally true. Mr. Wallbridge is right as well as wrong. There are monks, and plenty of them, who are afraid of the battle of life; cowards, who wont *work*; and there are some who will not fight, in the smaller sense of eschewing fisticuffs and hair triggers. Now the cassock is made a shield as well as the cowl; many men jump into it as though it were a petticoat, and cry "*Ah, you coward! would you strike me?*" The gown makes a good hedgehog-skin, and is a safe defence against the outward and literal knocks of the world. If your son wear a nose on his face which has given offence to any two fingers, and does not feel itself safe behind the *machina arietaria* of his four right fist knuckles, it might be worldly wise in him to seek sanctuary for it in the church; but remembering how your combativeness at school drove you to thrash the little boys, and to "make the best in Gloucestershire know" when the big boys thrashed you, I cannot think that this consideration can weigh with the offspring of such a father.

There is one other matter which, if your son be at all of a lively disposition, may, though not very important, be worth a moment's thought. It is this:—

* See "The Council of Four," by J. Wallbridge, a waistcoat-pocket volume of wit and pithy aphorisms.

That a clergyman is licensed, at least in certain circles, to indulge in a little wider latitude in his jokes than would be thought quite discreet in a layman. This is noticeable in our literature. I will not call up the reverend names of Swift and Sterne, to either of whom the blushful public must a thousand times have whispered, "It is only your cloth protects you." I myself had experience lately of the disadvantage of seasoning a dish with any pepper but black pepper. I sent one of my poetical bantlings—as chubby a little innocent as ever you set eyes on—to one of those foundling hospitals called Monthly Magazines. You have heard Hood's story—I think it was Hood's—at all events, he was father to so many "scapes" of the kind that there can be little danger in swearing it to him; his story of the squashed child. The fat nurse sat down upon the baby, and pressed it so flat that it could not be seen when held up edgewise. Now, my little darling experienced a like fate. The fat monthly nurse of the establishment alluded to (Editor is the technical term for this functionary) sat upon it, not in this case by accident, but according to cruel and deliberate custom; and so flattened it out that whilst to his view it appeared, as he said, "a little too broad," to mine (which you will understand was at right angles to his own, as is generally the case in regard to the views taken by author and editor) it appeared, I assure you, not to be broad at all. I had had, I confess, some apprehensions that its length (for it was very tall of its age) might have been made a reason for its not being received permanently into the asylum; but as to its other dimension, it seemed to my judgment to resemble, as Bulwer says of one of his characters, Euclid's definition of a straight line—it was "length without breadth." You would be astonished, my dear Gondicarius, to learn how many of the cases that apply at these hospitals are attenuated into conformity to the same description; how many, with an excess in the dimension of length, have neither breadth nor depth, weight nor substance. Now, I assure you I have known infants lodged and done for, in that same asylum, broad enough to have been wrapped three times round mine; but then they were the bantlings of a clergyman, and the offspring derived a propriety from the reverendness of the father.

It used to be said that there was no rose without its thorn. I believe if you inquire at Messrs. Loddidge's, or at any respectable floricultural establishment, you will find that this is not strictly true. There is, however, no rose—when I say no rose I mean no species or variety, I do not speak of individual blossoms—there is, I say, no rose that has not its earwig, or caterpillar, or green beetle; and every position in life—every trade, every profession, has drawbacks to set against its particular advantages. Thus, in the Church, though it may be very pleasant to be passing rich, among your professional brethren, with forty pounds a year, it by no means necessarily occurs that you will have this forty pounds to exult over them upon. Parson Polyglot is by no means the only clergyman who has had but one shirt; and it is well we do not see all the darns that are wanted underneath the surplice. The gown hides often many defective stitches; there is many a ragged place, many a button wanted, many an inkspot hid from view beneath it. It is not my fault if you choose to apprehend me metaphorically; I say it in a literal sense, though the other may be likewise true; a white patch at the elbows is often cloaked over in the vestry. And if a clergyman do chance to be "out of a situation,"—that is a vulgar mode of expressing it, as bad almost as an inquiry I once heard from an ingenious youngster, after his first visit to church: "Mamma, why did the man in the smock-frock get into the puncheon?" but let us express it vulgarly, so that we be distinct—if a clergyman do chance to be out of a situation, without some little private property to fall back upon, his position is by no means enviable. There is what they call living on the Guinea coast—that is, taking chance duty for any professional brother who may be laid up with the gout; but it is precarious, and not very remunerative. And there are private pupils; but these are not so plenty as hops (in a good season) are in Kent. If I took private pupils I should ask a thousand a year. I have a great notion that "the dodge" would be successful. I know men who ask forty or fifty, and they never get a nibble; I know others,

not more capable, who boldly lay themselves out for three hundred, and never have a bed-room to spare. Modest merit is a very fine thing; but if a man do not find out his own value, can he suppose that the world will be at the pains of making the discovery for him? Virtues and talents (I am considering things, you know, in a worldly way) are stock in trade; at least to those who are unlucky enough to have no other fixed or floating capital. And they are, in one respect, like objects of fine art. The "world in general" has not discrimination sufficient to estimate them at their real worth, but gives fancy prices where it is led to believe them genuine and of a high order. Would the trustees of our National Gallery, think you, buy the finest Raffael in the world, were it offered for a hundred pounds? No offence to the trustees of the National Gallery, they would not. It is not in human nature that they should do so. Were a hundred thousand the price, they would begin to think how they might raise the money. Would they have purchased "the Holbein," think you, had it been modestly offered at its true value? Gondicarius, they would not. They would have known that John Bull would not honour so insignificant a draft. The Sybil would never have sold her books, had she lowered her demand in proportion to their reduced number. Impress it on your son, Gondicarius, as a first principle in worldly wisdom, to ticket himself above, rather than below, even his own notions of his intrinsic worth.

But a man may keep school instead of taking private pupils. "Delightful task," cries Thomson. The lazy hypocrite! It is very easy to call all tasks delightful so long as we are not obliged to participate in them. Thomson, bless you, would have lain with his nose under the bed-clothes at one o'clock in the day, and called reefing the foresail on a squally night a delightful task—shaving madmen a delightful task—walking up the treadmill a delightful task. Dante, strangely enough, has not introduced the reciprocal offices of the pedagogue and disciple among the punishments of his Inferno. He might have done so, and formed another Caina. Among the cants that are universally canted, is that which speaks of the blessed days of our infancy and youth, as though all the troubles of mortal life belong to more advanced age. "Man never *is*, but always *to be* bless'd," says the poet. He might with equal propriety have said, "Man never *is*, but always *has been* blessed." Such is the perversity of our nature that both are true. At Rome we love Tibur, at Tibur, Rome.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

And to intrude yet one more quotation—a trite one, I confess—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

We talk of "the cares of the man," as though the cares of childhood were nothing. But our troubles begin early; we come weeping into the world, and the first season of life, like that of the year, is stormy. There are high winds in the March, and showers in the April, of our being; as well as sweat of the brow in the July and August. You and I, Gondicarius, have our gout and lumbago; but are croup, and scarletina, and hooping-cough nothing, think you, to the tender frames of early childhood? You have lost your back teeth: I wish you could cut them afresh, that you might the more vividly remember the days ere cares came upon you. It is pleasant enough now to talk of the "two geese you stole out of the pen;" the stripes on the shoulders which formed the sequel to that achievement were a sore set-off to the pleasure of the exploit, and, I suspect, turned the balance in favour of loss. It was a source of annoyance to you, when that Jew-Christian scoundrel brought an action against you, and sneaked off without paying the costs; but the bitter and sweet came together, for I fear, Gondicarius, you exulted as you watched his maggoty hue whilst the judge was commenting on his baseness and treachery. But what balm was there to the heart-burning of our little friend in the Wordsworthian ballad, when her brother John treated her in a manner so unbecoming their relationship?

"So to my drawer he goes—
Takes out my doll, and, oh! my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And burns off half her nose."

Melting a doll's nose may appear a small matter to you; but to little Ellen, or Mary, or whatever her name may have been, your lawyer's bill was of infinitely less importance.

I have struck a little out of my path, I perceive; but I hate walking straight to the goal, especially when I have no particular goal to arrive at. And talking of diverging from one's path, I will just pause to mention a circumstance (though altogether beside our present subject), for the honour of your canine friend, Hector. I took a walk with him a few days since, and in the first field we came to he met with a bone. My dog, I must tell you, reasons inductively, for he is very fond of *bacon*; and from the experience of many former walks taken in my company, he felt warranted in drawing the conclusion that I should go to some distance, and return through the same field. Now if, my dear Gondicarius, you will for one moment imagine yourself a dog, you will perceive how inconvenient, not to say impracticable, it must be, to pick a bone whilst walking, since the fore-paws are indispensable for each operation. To stay behind and pick the bone, allowing me to proceed by myself, would have been neither sociable nor respectful, seeing that we had walked forth together, for the pleasure of each other's society. To have carried the bone all the way would have been troublesome and tantalizing, and would have prevented conversation: to leave it where he found it would have been to resign it to the next dog that should come by; "for those rascally curs," said Hector, "make no due distinction between the *ego* and the *non ego*, and the things which pertain to each." So Hector bolted across the field, and hid the bone in the further hedge; and then came back to me with a peculiarly waggish expression in his tail, which I knew very well to signify "a bone is a bone, and I don't wish it boned;" and we walked on gravely together, conversing about the crops, the weather, and free trade. "Let us import our corn," said Hector, "and keep up the beef and mutton of old England." You will readily guess that as we returned through the field, Hector did not forget his bone. He carried it home with him; and that same evening he saw me take a plum cake out of a cupboard, having previously been present when I locked it up therein. "Ah!" said he, "I observe that you likewise act, my good master, upon instinct." Truly, between instinct and reason we draw very arbitrary lines.

Hector is a clever dog: he takes after his father. You remember his father, Nero, that used to live at the brushmaker's. They were wont to send out Nero with money and a basket, to the shops of the butcher and baker. The smell of the steak in the basket would draw a whole host of lesser dogs about him; and I have seen him, in such a case, set the basket on the pavement, and retire to the further side of the street, looking back with an expression that signified, as plainly as the phonetic alphabet could accomplish the terms, "Touch it who dare! Ware Daniel Forrester."

But to go back to our subject. What was it? Oh, the disagreeables incidental to the clerical profession: and I was talking of school-keeping as "the harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes." Well, I will commit it to your own reminiscences; requesting you to consider whether, when you were at school, you had a very pleasant time of it; and whether you think the master's was much more delightful.

There is another course open to the clergyman without a living, and hard up for a livelihood. He may emigrate as a missionary. With every respect for missionary labours, I cannot think that, regarded merely in a worldly view, this is a resource to be willingly adopted. I will not, whilst your son is the subject in our mouths, remind you of Sidney Smith's joke about cold parson on the sideboard; nor of that other joke of his about agreeing with the man that eats you. But it seems quite plain that the advantages of emigrating in the character of a missionary are not such as to be taken into account by the man who adopts the Church as a profession, merely upon grounds of the opportunities offered by it for worldly advancement.

Thus I have plainly pointed out what, without the least doubt in the world,

had just as plainly occurred to you before—that the Church, considered only in a worldly view, has points to recommend it as a profession, and points that should cause hesitation. But it is my private opinion, my dear Gondicarius, that it is one that should not be adopted merely from mundane motives; and as I feel convinced you will coincide with me in this view—particularly as your son would have no distinct prospect of a bishopric, nor even, I believe, of a good fellowship or living—I would recommend that he should consider the question for himself, and decide according to his own impulses, seconded by his father's experience and practical wisdom.

Well, then, there is the bar. That is highly respectable. So highly respectable, indeed, as with its overplus of respectability to render respectable doings that would be scoundrelism in any other walk of life. If, for example, you pay your tailor for a coat, you expect him to send it home; and would feel yourself justified in denouncing him as a rascal if he declined to do so on the plea that he had likewise sold it to another person, and that it was impossible to deliver it to both. But in the honourable and liberal profession of the bar, it is perfectly legal, decent, and in every way justifiable—indeed, the daily practice of men who are in training as the arbiters of justice from those most noble thrones, the benches of our British courts of law—to receive payment in advance for a specific object, and to neglect the duty for which they have been so paid, either because the time and talent bargained for has been sold likewise to another, or because some fox-hunt or yacht party has offered a more enticing “refresher.” But if the barrister sometimes neglect what association of ideas makes us consider his duty to his client, he balances the account at other times by excess of zeal. What would be mean, dastardly, despicable, in other circumstances, is honourable when sheltered beneath the wig and gown of this most liberal and learned profession, and undertaken for the purpose of “gaining a cause;” the question, even, of whether that cause be rightful or wrongful not weighing for a moment in the matter. To seek to damage, by innuendo, the characters of upright men—to insult from behind the screen of law those whom he would quail to meet in the open arena of the world—to humble respectable age—to terrify the weak—to call up the burning and torturing blush upon the cheek, and tears into the eyes of modest womanhood—to reduce to stony silence the lips of truth, by a display of the Gorgon face of British practical justice—these are courses which, whilst they would damn the pilferer, the swindler, the assassin for hire, to a deeper hell of obloquy, do but add gloss to the laurels that encircle the brow of the successful advocate.

I will not speak of remembered cases, in which, out of some most distorted notion of duty, counsel have pledged their honour in a solemn manner to what they have known to have been false, because those are exceptional; phenomena of abnormal idiosyncracies of view; fungus growths within the great social ulcer I am considering, but not characteristics of the disease. These are not among the admitted proprieties of practice.

You will think that the “gentlemen of the robe” are not in favour with me. You are mistaken, Gondicarius. Out of court there is scarcely any other class of men whom I so much respect and esteem. Out of court your barrister is, nine times out of ten, a delightful acquaintance. His mind is well stored, and he is practised in the arts by which the stores of the mind are turned to account in conversation. Out of court he practises the most punctilious courtesy, has the nicest sense of honour, apprehends distinctly, and balances delicately the multiplex obligations of social life, and rules himself in accordance therewith. He has ever before him the dangers and manifold evils of doing wrongfully, even in apparently slight degrees; and the course of his studies leads, certainly, to subtle discrimination in matters of ethical nicety. The court seems to offer a larger valve of escape for the injustice, and tyranny, and pride, and tendencies to sophisticate—all the bad passions and habits that constitute “the imputation hereditary ours”—than most other conditions of life present: and truly so much of these are evolved that we may expect a reduced proportion for the intercourse

of life. We must not judge of men always by the degree in which they conform to our abstract views of moral propriety, but make considerable allowances where they deviate from this to adapt themselves to some conventional standard. Indeed, wherever error is conventional, we should lay it to the account of the society in which it prevails, not charge it upon individual partners in the firm. It would now be a great moral enormity in judge and jury to condemn an old woman to be burned for keeping a cat; but two hundred years ago the enormity was chargeable upon the superstition of the age, not upon jury or judge. And as "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," I believe, Gondicarius, the time will come when the every-day doings of our courts of law, in this our boasted nineteenth century, will be looked back upon as indications of a period of but semi-enlightenment, of very imperfect social liberty.

We live in an age of reforms, but the business of social reformation has as yet but commenced. The system of so-called justice has great changes to undergo. At present law is a kind of chess, where black and white have an equal chance; nothing depends upon the men; all upon the players. There are, of course, exceptions. You and I, Gondicarius, for example, have each won a cause; and in our individual instances, it was no doubt the distinctness of our right that produced the result in our favour; but under the best of circumstances, law, as we both can testify, is a game that is not won without the loss of some pieces; and in general, the story of Justice and the oyster holds true to this day. The game is exciting and amusing to those who make the moves; but were the men upon the board, who undergo the checks, anything else than blocks, they would understand that the amusement is not contrived for their advantage.

Although, under the present practice, I cannot but regard the profession of the bar as

l'arte

Da vender parolette, auzi menzogne,

I would not, nevertheless, on that account recommend you to withhold your son from it, if the fountain of his genius manifest any strong disposition to deliver its waters into that channel. For I regard the evils to which I have referred as by no means necessary to the honourable mystery of an advocate; and it would be a note-worthy thing, Gondicarius, if your son should introduce the first hyssop for the removal of the present unclean inward state of the profession. There are other considerations bearing upon the question of how far it may be wise for him to adventure in this path.

You know it is proverbially the lot of a large majority of young barristers to spend eight or ten years in paring their nails; and though if that labour be skilfully performed, it may confer some additional grace upon the finger tips, it is a question whether this advantage can be commensurate with the outlay in time, thought, pen-knives, and diamond dust. Again, in the profession of the bar, a break down in the commencement of a career may be fatal; and a break down may occur, without any lack of talent, through diffidence, or some mere freak of fortune. In this point, the church offers a great advantage over the bar; in the former there is no such thing as breaking down, after the path is once entered upon; any dunce that can once straddle over the pons asinorum of his examination—and precious dunces do, by some accident, accomplish that—is thereafter as good for the best living and the largest parish as the deepest theologian among them all.

Yet there are good "possibilities," as Sir Hugh Evans hath it, appertinent to the profession of the bar. There is reporting, either parliamentary or that of the law courts, and sometimes of the police-offices; and writing law-books, newspaper leaders, and magazine articles. There is writing for the stage; there is spinning poetry for Moses, and the other advertisers; and there is copying sermons at a shilling a piece. But one of the most tempting considerations is the tyranny the bar exercises over the solicitors, who tyrannise over the rest of mankind; and the sublime contempt with which the professors of the former

branch of legal practice look down upon a class of men who are held in some respect by the world.

I should recommend, then, that yourself and your son should weigh well the *pros* and the *cons* before deciding upon, or rejecting, the profession of the bar. Does any man in his senses ever go further than this in the way of giving advice? Be deliberate. It is a great thing. I was much struck once with the counsel of a most respectable member of the other branch of the legal profession, an old gentleman with a countenance in which wisdom and placidity seemed to carry on so placid a strife, that it was hard to determine whether you should call it a face of wise placidity or of placid wisdom; though, perhaps, the spectacles might at last have decided you in favour of the latter. The question in debate was, whether there were time before sunset, the evening being already far advanced, to put an execution upon certain property at a distance of some miles. The younger partner of the firm was of opinion that it might be accomplished, by selecting a cab with a good horse. "I tell you what I should do," said the venerable gentleman; "I tell you what I should do. I should take time to consider about it. Yes, yes—I should take time to consider about it; and then—I should give an opinion. Yes, yes; and then—I should give an opinion. Yes—and then—I should give an opinion. Yes, you may depend upon it, that's the only thing to be done. Yes, you may depend upon it, that's the only thing to be done. Yes, you may depend upon it, that's the only thing to be done. And then—I should give an opinion."

I pass over the other branch of the legal profession, as (though, beyond question, enough and to spare *do select* it) I am myself unable to conceive the grounds that induce a sane man to such a choice. The craft of the surgeon is not agreeable; but, to my mind, there is something more distressing in breathing amid the ichorous reek steaming up from the burrowing ulcers which afflict man's moral nature, than even in listening to the groans and shrieks of the hospital, and inhaling the foul miasmata of the dissecting-room. What a dreadful operation-chamber is a court of law! how hideous the diseases there exhibited! how terrible the processes by which we seek—but too often vainly seek—to redeem the miserable patients! how cruel the quarantine we institute for the safety of society! But I fear the comparison with the medical practice, which aims at the relief of the physical evils to which man is heir, holds good but in few particulars. I fear there is truth in what I once heard expressed by a member of the legal profession:—"Our business is not one of solacing and relieving; our business is breaking hearts." Poor man! he spoke it mournfully, and evidently with deep feeling; and shortly afterwards he was transported, for resorting to a method of accomplishing the same object not strictly professional. Medicine and the bar have their excitements, and involve interesting studies; but the mere parchment part of the law is, to my view, most repulsive.

Still, this is a matter of predilection; and men of excellent hearts, refined tastes, and delicate sensibilities, do apply themselves, whether by choice or accident, to this calling. Solicitors are not all vipers. The perfect villain, the villain, *par-excellence*, is the villain bred to law; but the lawyer who is likewise a good man is doubly a good man in that he is a lawyer. Law offers such facilities, such temptations to scoundrelism, as to give the more merit to those who pass untainted by the vices in its path.

In the Utopia of that very amiable man, Elihu Burritt, there is to be no war; in mine I will get rid of a greater evil,—there shall be no law. As you approach it, the wigs and gowns shall first make themselves air and vanish; then the parchments. No writ shall be seen, no demurrer heard in the land. The world must get rid of law and medicine, and then it will begin to do. My letter is, however, growing so long, that I will not stop now to suggest the water cure that is to wash out the diseases of civil life. I will not enter upon the question of what may be effected by simple arbitrations and mere common sense; nor will I endeavour to convince you that the evils which law is employed to cure

bear no proportion to those which it inflicts in the process. We will talk over this some snug evening, soon; and if, Gondicarius, I convert you to my views, as, considering the transparency of your intellect, will no doubt be the case, we will next direct our thoughts to the most effective way of introducing a pitchfork into the Augean stables of Westminster.

We will now turn our attention to medicine. I have no doubt whatever of the utility of this art; nor that it accomplishes its purposes now more satisfactorily than at any former period. It has almost superseded pestilences, and promises fairly to supersede war and old age. In fact, it is the most effective, and at the same time the most alluring means nature has yet devised for correcting that mischievous tendency of her own disposition to overpopulate the world. Medical art is a great safety valve, to let off some of the superfluous steam of life, when it is at too high a pressure; and the villain who would put down medical art, merely because it kills off the people, seeks to tie down the safety valve with five-strand yarn, and blow up the boiler of social comfort and mortal elbow-room. Away with all the nonsense of Malthus and those foolish fellows: and where you find more mouths than meat to fill them, put on additional doctors. Molière, my dear Gondicarius, in his views upon this subject, was a man before his age; and, indeed, a little before our own. But we are galloping after him now, and in the course of another generation or so, the world will come round nearly to his thinking. "Throw physic to the dogs," is already becoming the cry. "Throw physic to the dogs." You may do so without inhumanity, for the sensible quadrupeds will only turn up their noses and pass on. Throw physic to the dogs? I say no, no, Gondicarius; commit not such waste: throw physic to the superfluous population, and chuck Malthus out of window. The wand that Death, in Gay's fable, gives to intemperance, I would give to the medical profession.

"You, fever, gout, and all the rest,
Whom wary man as foes detest,"

give way to the bland knight of the golden-headed cane, who does his spiriting (or his un-spiriting) so gently. Whilst folk fondly imagine that only the patient and his disease are being dealt with, it is the business of medical art to find the *land's* disease, "and purge it to a sound and pristine health." In our own country, in every corner of it, from Johnny Groat's house to the Land's End, she is hourly engaged in solving the important problem—

"What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Will scour these English hence?"

And she solves it in a manner that renders ridiculous the puny efforts of the emigration companies. Disease alone, is quite incapable of accomplishing the object; or only occasionally attains it by sudden but unsustained efforts in the form of plague or cholera. But disease seldom now exerts this spasmodic force, for the doctors have gone far to make it unnecessary; and how greatly has the world benefited by the change! A pestilence was wont to put a stop to trade, and to fill the hearts of men with unutterable terror. The doctors bow us with so much blandness out of the chamber of life that they seem all the while to be inviting us to stay, yet they elbow us gradually towards the door of exit, and suddenly it is closed upon us.

Undoubtedly the doctors are a partial evil, in that they kill us when we do not wish to be killed; but, by the exercise of the same function, they become an universal good. I believe they are themselves almost as ignorant as is the world at large, as to the real purpose it is their mission to accomplish; though a little light has for some time past been breaking in upon them, and upon the public. Well, my present business being to balance the worldly advantages and disadvantages offered by a profession that thus assists nature in escaping from the little perplexities her imprudence brings upon her, I need only consider the lights and darkneses of the public and of the medical mind upon the subject of medical practice, so far as they have an influence upon that question. But here I

must confess I think the evidences of a dawn of reason are fatal to the prospects of the entire mystery; for a mystery it is, and as such it has a Rembrandesque hankering for darkness rather than light. To educate oneself now for the medical profession is to purchase a partnership in a rapidly-declining business; for it is a melancholy fact, Gondicarius, that though we all admit how desirable it is that the population should be kept down, we none of us consider ourselves as belonging to that portion of it which it might be desirable to suppress; and if the public once become persuaded that the true function of medical science is to remove superfluous jaw-bones, scarcely any one will be found who will select so tedious and painful a manner of committing *felo de se* as that of submitting himself to medical treatment, with its system of slow poisons and stealthy abstractions of "the blood which is the life thereof" from unfortunate human clay.

The Lancet, in a recent number, very pitifully laments the turn the public mind is taking; the more so as it confesses that the most highly educated and intelligent classes are foremost in the movement. "It is," says a leading article in that publication, "a lamentable and undoubted fact, that those who are educated for the church, the bar, and the legislature, with the gentlemen of whom the College of Physicians are so proud, are, more than any other classes of the community, given to quackery and medical scepticism. * * * The College itself testifies to the fact that, in London, within the most concentrated influence of the College of Physicians, the aristocracy and gentry are chiefly in the hands of quacks, and are patrons of homeopaths, hydropaths, and mesmerists!" The inference drawn by *The Lancet* is that the best educated and most intelligent people are, beyond others, ignorant and foolish; but as this seems rather paradoxical, the public will probably prefer an alternative which readily presents itself, and suspect that educated and intelligent people discover "the legitimate practice" of medicine to be altogether a deceit.

Did I not perceive my letter to have grown too long, I should say more upon this subject. It would be easy to convince you, Gondicarius, that the "occupation's gone"—irremediably gone. And when you had conned the *cons*, I would propose the *pros*. I would show that whilst the "regular practice" is falling into "the sear and yellow leaf," and that only as preliminary to the full winter of its decay, the quackeries above enumerated, which suck the sap from its stem, are arraying themselves in green which shall hang about the ancient branches, a foliage not their own; and that the profession might be entered through the legitimate channel as a path to these.

I had, too, in reserve, some compliments for the practitioners—acknowledging their extensive enlightenment upon most matters, therapeutics excepted—their humanity, their zeal in discharge of very arduous duties, their liberality. As a body, their only fault is that they are that body. I would have confessed, too, the importance of surgical practice, and the proficiency made therein by the branch of the profession thereto devoted.

But these things I will leave unsaid; and with the less regret, Gondicarius, as I know you have no intention of accepting my advice, unless where it shall be found perfectly to harmonise with your own feelings. I will reserve for a second letter a view of certain other callings which offer fields more or less inviting to the ambition of enlightened youth.

CÆLIUS.

THE LILY OF DERWENTWATER.

"Das ganze Leben als ein Edelstein
"Am Halse hängt der Neugeborenen Leibe!"

Griffparzer.

PART FIRST.

On! she was beautiful, the sweet Lucy Carr—the Lily of Derwentwater she was called in the village;—and "good as she was lovely, and pure as she was fair," might have been the motto on her door, were the Egyptian custom of portal inscriptions still the fashion. She was one of those beings who make us old men half sorrowful; for she seemed to embody the long-forgotten images of youth, and to call up the memories of the past from the tomb of time, where they had lain for years of sorrow and of care. It is strange that the thing for which we sigh comes only when no longer needed! It is as though fate mocked at man's instability, by giving him his desire when his longing has passed away. The love for which we have yearned, whilst our hearts were fresh and young, is ours when we are chilled and saddened; and the fame for which we have striven comes when we are old and withered—when the youth, which would have been that fame's greatest charm, has fled, and the romance of beauty, which would have crowned us with its golden chaplet, has faded to the pallidness of an unlovely reality.

But our Lucy, our fair young mountain flower—we have wandered from her side, as we often wandered from her on the hills, when she would pluck the heather and the harebell, and we would reflect on the uncertainty of human life. She was young and we were old; and the thoughts of the one are not the thoughts of the other, nor are their ways alike.

Lucy was beautiful, but there was nothing dazzling about her; she had nothing of the queen or the pythoness—nothing regal, passionate, or inspired. She was a small, slight, fair thing, like a bird—a flower—a summer cloud—or an angel from the spirit-world. Long flaxen ringlets shaded her brow, pure as the ocean-pearl, and hung down upon her bosom. Twisted by Nature's own hand, they formed a veil for the "splendour of her love," more beautiful by far than any that the Witch of Atlas wove. Her eyes were blue and large, and the lashes curtailed them right jealously, while the gentle brows arched over them like Heaven's bow of hope and promise. Red were her lips, and small, and fresh; and her figure, though so slight, might have served Canova for a model. She was the human type of the life embodied in the snowdrop that hung upon her dainty breast—a thing as pure and as heavenly, though born of earth and nurtured amidst gloom and tempest. She was not learned either,—the saints forbid so fearful a desecration! She could read, and she could write; but she had flatly refused to be cumbered with more accomplishments. And yet she had her knowledge—ay, and her power of teaching too! They came from nature, who infused into her wisdom as true, if not as defined, as all school sages could have supplied; and surely she herself taught, in plain and unmistakable words, the sanctity of Nature's gifts and the truth of beauty!—

Fair ladies! ye who waste your energies in striving to become other than as God framed ye—ye who would barter your sex's best charms for the pedant's doubtful praise, bethink ye!—Nature has higher lessons than any which philosopher or saint ever preached; and she has stamped it on the brow, and graven it on the heart, of humanity that womanhood was made for virtue, love, and beauty; that her intellect must be her affection—that her learning must be her duty! Away with those musty tomes, if they rob ye of one womanly grace—

we had almost said of one womanly weakness! Dash down the pen, if it nerve your hands to a man's strength! Leave the study, the laboratory, and the school, and away into the free air, with your children laughing round ye, and love showered down upon ye as dew in the dawning! Woe to the days when woman forsakes her household altar to worship in the public streets! Woe to the hour when she barters the bondage of love and duty for the man's independence, and the stoic's coldness, and frames other prayers than to Mercy and to love! Woman's truth is her gentleness—her virtue her affection.

Our sweet Lucy Carr was no *bas-bleu* in faith; and yet those innocent lips could have put to shame much of the lore which lies garnered in the cloudy brain of the diligent metaphysician or theologian, Hellenist or orientalist, or by whatever name our fair and learned friends rejoice in. She knew nothing of the mystical worship of Demeter and Dionysos, of the Zendavesta, Sagas, or Puranas, of the theory of Innate Ideas, or of the ten thousand sects which the ten-thousandth-and-one condemn to eternal damnation; but she knew the worship of the heart to a higher Power, the child's trust in its parent God, the holy things which hill and vale, lake, and bird, and flower, tell out—the divinity of the conscience and the truth of natural love; and she needed no higher wisdom!

And there she had lived, secluded as one of her own mountain streams, and pure as its waves. Sorrow had never gloomed over her path, passion had never flushed her brow; loving and beloved by all who knew her; gentle in life, in thought, and in feeling, with every desire bounded by possession, her days glided on like beautiful summer suns which sleep only to shine more brightly on the morrow. I then knew her for the first time. Chance brought me to that country which seems the very birth-place of poetry, and the same chance led me to the lonely cottage where her father, an old college friend of mine, strove to forget that death had ever passed over his house, or that a lovely wife had ever laid her lips upon his hand.

He strove to forget:—oh! it recks little to the broken heart whether it indulges in its grief, or whether it would combat the expression! the blow is there, and let the lips cry aloud in anguish, or be closed in mute forbearance, the blood will still flow, and the life will still ebb forth! His was a sad tale, too often true. The birth of the child, the loss of the wife;—the death-sob of the gentle mother, the echo to her babe's first wail. Fancied years of joy and security were wrecked beneath one fearful wave, which, as if in mockery, cast up the jewel on which the frail bark struck: and Henry Carr awoke from his dream of boundless affection to find life's wide plain a sunless desert, from which the simoom of death had stripped every green leaf and every flower.

And thus passed Lucy's childhood, thus began her sweet maidenhood; and the mingled influence of her father's fixed melancholy, and the grandeur, beauty, and solitude of her home had impressed her character with a certain quietude which amounted almost to sadness. As a very child she would rather wander through the woods, or by the lake, or among the rocks, than indulge in any childish sport. The vale of Borrowdale, where she lived, was of itself sufficient to thus influence any nature. It was beautiful, but stern and wild; the mist wreaths never left the hills, and the sun shone only at fitful intervals.

It used to grieve me, as I saw her with her fair cheek leant upon her hand, and her blue eyes bent to the ground, so stilly and so silent; and, as years passed on, another undefined cause of gentle sadness was added to those already existing. Her life was not sufficient for her: her feelings were mightier than their exercise; and she would sit for hours long, trying with earnest innocence to know this hidden want, and from whence it sprang and why it came.

I was old, and knew the human heart, and I knew the magic name which Lucy could not spell, and the charm which would have brought back the roses to her cheek, and the smile to her lip. And man ever needs the due exercise of all his affections!—and as these are planted in his heart they must spring up,

and grow, and increase, else they become as a curse to the ground, cumbering, where they should fertilise. The problem of happiness can only be solved by they who use every affection which God has given them, and who bind the whole circle of love upon their souls. It is the unloving who are unhappy; in affection, fate itself must own its conqueror; for the pallid cheek, the tearful eye, the sad heart, fill up the measure of love, and heap together each fond feeling till nature's household garner can treasure up no more! Can sorrow touch the loving save through the beloved? Can the mother's heart be wrung when the child is blessed? Can the wife lament when sunshine is over the life's path of her mate? What friend or brother cannot find his healing in the love which he both gives and receives? It is true!—affection is nature's divinest truth!—But how few there are who treasure it aright, or keep it safely when once possessed; for a whim, a toy, a fleeting joy, they will cast it from them; and the god-like amulet which love has framed against despair—they will scatter it in pieces to please the vainest fool who mocks its truth.

And the first influence of these desires of the yearning soul had now stolen over sweet Lucy; but, as was said before, all unconsciously that influence arose: she needed sympathy, and she found unlikeness; she looked for affection, and she was alone in her solitude. And then she grew sad, weeping in secret over the hard lesson which life had given her, and which she might not learn alone. Women are always beautiful, always lovely; but their sweetest hour is that one—so fraught with danger as it is—when they first discover that the joys of childhood are unsatisfying to the needs of womanhood, and that the mild loves of youth are insufficient for the feelings of maturity. Household affections are the dearest altar of heaven, but they must be all there. The wife and mother, as well as the child, must fill their places. These vacant, the whole is incomplete and the sacred fire burns dim.

It was the bright summer time, when even Borrowdale forgot its tears, and clad itself in sunny smiles, and flowers, and verdure. The whole Lake district teemed with the annual visitors who form the chief article of commerce in Cumberland, and Westmoreland; road, lake, and mountain, swarmed with the "parties" who had come from the north, and from the south, from the east, and from the west, to worship in that glorious temple of nature. There they might be seen, mounted on the rough hill ponies, and accompanied by the guides who tell such wonderful tales of every rock and every glen you pass, or in boats, and small sailing vessels, coasting round the lake, listening to the echo of the horn, or to the roar of the cannon, as it makes its mimic thunder roll among the rocks; or in post-chaises, gigs, and "tubs" gaping through the land; and finding all beautiful, or all barren, as they were farther from, or nearer to, idiotcy. Lucy was accustomed to these yearly inroads on her solitude; and she often found much amusement in watching them. And some are such strange people! They are such masses of blue, and red, and orange—such shreds of milliners' and drapers' shops, done up into a living packet of finery! or else they must, forsooth, make themselves human scarecrows by the uncouthness of the attire they are pleased to call "country." And often the fair young mountain maid would open her pretty eyes, and bless her good fortune, which had given her sweet Borrowdale for her place of fashion and "manners."

One day, or rather evening, a party wandered by the cottage, which attracted Lucy's attention, and subsequent acquaintance. It was not the luxury about them which betokened that they were of a superior class; for excepting one young and wilful beauty, nothing could be more consistent than their appearance and the scene. Large straw hats, Scotch plaids, and country shoes, were not signs of overpowering wealth; but that certain undefined air of superiority, that consciousness which a good social standing always gives showed that they were of the highly placed in life.

One amongst them formed a striking contrast with the rest. She was young and eminently handsome, and dressed with a sumptuous elegance more suited to the May parks of London than the summer mountains of Cumberland.

Her dark hair was plainly braided off a brow high and positive; her eyes were almond-shaped, but in spite of their heavy languor they had a haughty glance which belied the affected lassitude of her manner. She was tall and finely formed, and trod the ground as if she had been the empress of all. She seemed to be the ward or friend of the rest, certainly of no kindred blood or spirit! And her air, too, was disdainful towards them, and haughty and impatient, as if she felt even the slight control under which she lived as too much for her pride to brook.

A lady, still sweet and attractive, though past fifty years of age, a beautiful and beloved creature, whose life had been one of happiness, and duty, and affection—one whose heart and mind were now as fresh as in the early days of youth, and who had not so much aged, as been perfected, by time—seemed the matron and *chaperone*. Her husband, a fine but stately man, her daughter, a young girl, home for her holidays from school, and a young man still at college, the only son, completed her household; while Ellen Craven, and an officer, a Captain Lascelles, a handsome and "dangerous young man," were the foreigners over whom she extended her protection.

The girl was too young, the mother too wise, to flirt; Ellen Craven thought that the whole duty devolved upon her, and she acquitted herself to perfection; for they had not left home a fortnight before she had entangled the officer and captivated the student; and now stood in the perilous position of a continued flirtation with a professed "lady killer," while engaged to a boy, his first love.

As they came up, wandering past the cottage, Ellen was leaning on the arm of Lascelles, ever and anon turning on him her dark eyes, with one of those long looks which she well knew could fire the heart of any man—much more of one already half in love. And then she would turn to the youth, who paced moodily by her side, teasing him as she would a chained lion, and delighting in the sight of his powerless rage.

Flushed and uneasy, young Frederick Grayster scarcely replied to her tauntings; and she, the more determined to show her power as he became rebellious, redoubled her sarcasms, while she threw an expression of tenderness into her manners towards her companion which made the poor boy almost frantic.

Lascelles was not unwilling to improve his advantage. He pressed her hand, and bent lower and lower as he whispered in her ear and gazed into her face.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Ellen, in a languid voice, "and I fear I press too heavily on you; but I am tired, dreadfully tired."

"Too heavily! beautiful Miss Craven, your whole weight would be but a feather's burden to me!"

"Ah, you are very good! You are more gallant than Frederick, who saw me nearly fainting, and yet never offered to assist me."

"Am I, then, only a substitute for one more favoured—for one who has more right, Ellen, to this honour?"

"Nay," she answered, loud enough for Frederick to hear; "it is not such an honour, Captain Lascelles, when Mr. Grayster could see me toil beneath this burning sun and never dream of offering to assist me! It cannot be such a pleasure, else others—he being the first—would have secured it."

"This is unkind, Ellen," exclaimed Frederick; "Lascelles knows that you refused my aid twice. What more could I do? I could not force you to accept it!"

"What could you do!" repeated Ellen Craven, arching her eyebrows with a look of contempt and disgust; "anything rather than act on a woman's 'No.' You are mad to ask the question!"

"Is that your morality, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Grayster, rather gravely.

"It is the morality of the world, my dear madam," she answered scornfully.

"I shall not forget your advice," said Lascelles, as he again bent his head to look into her beautiful face.

Ellen opened her lips as if to speak, but, as if it were too much trouble, they

languidly closed over silence. Yet one strange look shot out from those dark eyes, a look made up of so many conflicting feelings—nay, passions—that it made Lascelles start as he caught it. "Yes," she then said, slowly, "you may remember it, you may even quote it as the advice of a woman; it will come with authority."

"Then the next time you bid me leave you, Ellen," cried Frederick, passionately, "I will not obey you; and the next time you rate me for disobedience, I shall construe it as praise for my perseverance."

"No, you need not," said Ellen; "when I bid you, as I do now, to leave me for the rest of the day, I mean it; I know that you will not attend to me, and I know that you will still persecute me with your attentions, but I must tell you that they are unwelcome." And she applied the small golden scent-bottle which hung on her finger to her nose, as if overpowered with her own energy.

The daughter, young Mary Grayster, though she had not heard what had passed, noticing her brother unhappy, ran to him, and passing her arms round him, asked him to climb up some rocks with her, coaxing him affectionately.

Frederick, who was very fond of his innocent sister, could not refuse her; and he was not sorry, either, to show a little indifference to his proud mistress, though it cost him a hard struggle to make the poor attempt he thought so grand.

As he turned from the road, Ellen called after him—"If Mr. Grayster will give me my sketch-book before he makes for the wilds, I shall feel obliged. I have no wish to see my drawings floating in the air, as a terror to all rash rock-climbers."

The young man came, half sulkily, forward, and handed her the book. He would not even look in her face, but bent his eyes on the ground, magnanimously savage.

"Thank you," she said. The words were simple, but their effect electrical. Spoken in a soft, bewitching voice, while she dropped Lascelles' arm and laid her hand on the boy's, with a thrilling touch, they undid all that her shameless coquetry had done, and pacified the offended pride into the meekness of grateful humility. With burning brow and beating heart Frederick listened to her voice, then, taking her small, gloveless hand, he pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Come, Frederick, make haste!" cried Mary.

"I cannot go," he almost sobbed. "You must not go—you must go alone—Lascelles will go with you—I cannot!" Then he added, in hurried and broken accents, "Do you forgive me, beautiful, beloved Ellen?" his voice trembling with emotion.

"Yes, I forgive you for a little while. There; do not look so foolish! Captain Lascelles shall hold my book, if you tremble so! Silly boy! are you frightened of me?"

"Oh, Ellen! how can you torture me so cruelly! You know that you are the very charm of my life—the sun of my existence—"

"And moon, too? Pshaw! do not talk romance to me, Frederick," she interrupted, coldly; "I hate romance and fine speeches. I am utterly unromantic myself;" and then she glanced at Lascelles, but he, whistling an opera air, had started off to join Mary on the rocks.

He was no dying, sighing, lover,—the handsome young officer!—and he had seen enough of Miss Craven's nature, to know that haughtiness met with pride, coquetry with indifference, was the best way to subdue her. Submission only fed her vanity; and vanity was the rock on which her beauty, grace, and nobler virtues were wrecked.

A frown crossed Ellen's face; but bending it, so that not even Frederick should look into it, she began her sketch. And yet her hand trembled while she drew the pretty rose and ivy-covered cottage, with that grand background of giant cliff, where huge stones were scattered as if they had been a Titan's playthings flung at random. Lascelles and Mary Grayster stood upon the rocks, rejoicing in a "better view" than the rest; the father and gentle mother leaned

upon a gate, watching the river as it shone in the distance and glided among the trees; and Frederick, while he held the parasol over his loved mistress, gazed unrebuked into her face, while the declining sun shed bright tints upon them all.

In the midst of the picture stood the cottage, but no life was about it. Suddenly the door opened, and Lucy stood upon the lawn. If she had been a thing of heaven—a spirit or an angel from the skies—she could not have more startled the party. Her beauty, so refined and spiritual, was so little in character with the scene; her grace and elegance so little in accordance with her place, that this very discrepancy seemed to add to that beauty. Oh, surely not discrepant were they—the child and the mother—sweet Nature and her youngest darling! That she had been Lucy's instructress, nurse, and friend, was her own best warranty for every beauty and every virtue!

Her long golden hair hung down her blushing face, and her deep blue eyes seemed darker than the purple cornflowers in her bosom. Her white dress, fashioned so simply, gave her a yet more youthful air; and her whole appearance betokened such simplicity, such innocence, grace, and beauty of mind, as well as of feature, that all exclaimed with surprise as she advanced to the little wicket-gate which opened into the road. All but Frederick; and it was long before he saw her at all, and when he did see her, and spoke of her afterwards, he said that "she was a pretty little girl, with yellow hair and a white frock."

And so it is: the MIND is the only truth of matter; and, like a prism, it changes at its own will, separating and colouring that which it shines upon.

Of all the party, Lascelles was perhaps the most captivated by this sudden apparition of simple beauty. Accustomed to the refinement and the artificial charms of fashionable life, where every minute point is increased by art of every kind, this ingenuous, blushing, youthful grace seemed to him as of a different creation. It was only to compare her with the queenly London belle, that he could take his eyes from that sweet face. To compare her—and to what result? Would not artifice again win it over nature and her loveliness?—or would the heart of the worldly man dare to confess the superiority of that which his social education had ever taught him to despise?

Mrs. Grayster, full of an artistic admiration, arrested the light steps of the young girl; and supposing her some peasant's child of higher mould and gentler form than common, one who had been petted by her parents into a state of idleness, and consequently had gained a greater refinement and delicacy than was her birth-right, spoke to her in a patronising tone, asking her some trifling question about the mountains round.

The blood rushed into Lucy's face; then I saw her sweet nature pass like an angel's wing across her brow, and still the burst of pride which the unceremonious manner of the stranger had roused.

If I had ever loved her I loved her doubly then. There was something so inexpressibly beautiful and pure in this subjugation of such an impulse; something which spoke loudly to the good which her simple education had engrafted on her soul, when it could bring forth results of such perfection as the subjection of man's mightiest passion—pride.

"It is Castle Crag," she answered with her silvery voice, speaking gently, and looking up into Mrs. Grayster's face with her large blue eyes, trustingly as a child.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady kindly; her benevolent heart pained at this involuntary mistake. "I did not expect to meet with a gentlewoman in this wild scene."

"Oh, do not speak of it," said Lucy, smiling, and holding out her hand; "I saw that you took me for a cottager; and so I am;" and she pointed to her simple home. And then she asked them to come and see the view from a high terrace that was behind the house; and they all accompanied her, the best friends imaginable.

Mary and Lascelles came down from their rocky station; and Ellen, having finished her sketch, carefully turned her eyes upon the fair stranger, while she

held up her jewelled eye-glass to examine her better. Not that she was short-sighted, for her glass was not even the myope's "number one"—but it was pleasant to be able to stare down country modesty, and to show the superiority of "London Assurance" among the Cumberland mountains.

"Pretty and romantic!" she said scornfully; but there was a restless glance, and an uneasiness of manner, which did not escape me, stationed as I was among some low shrubs, and rocks, and heather. I had not thought myself called upon to forsake my comfortable mountain lounge because some strangers had chosen to make a halt near me!

Lascalles made some trifling remark about the scenery, and the clouds, the lights and shadows, heather beds and weather—which all persons talk about when they first visit the country; and as Lucy answered him her eyes grew brighter, and a sweeter smile came to her lips. His manner expressed admiration; and be the young girl never so inartificial, still nature has given her, in her own heart, a dictionary by which she can construe love and admiration, and know their meaning.

"I hope to see you again," said Mrs. Grayster, when they took their leave; and she kissed her; "I shall pass here to-morrow, and call on you."

Ellen bowed coldly and haughtily; Mary shook hands, and kissed her too, for some pretty moss-roses which she gave her, as if they had been long-tried schoolmates. Frederick Grayster forgot to take leave at all, and the father bowed himself patronisingly away. It was now Lascalles' turn. He had lingered behind the rest, and as he spoke to her in a low voice, bending his handsome head gently downward, the blood mounted into Lucy's brow, and she smiled with pleasure. But she looked frankly into his eyes, bade him adieu, and waved her hand as he went.

And the future opened itself as a picture before me; and I saw the fate which destiny had marked out for each.

PART SECOND.

And time passed on, bringing forth its children, born of sorrow or of joy, to weep or to rejoice over its departure. Mighty things were done. In empires vast political changes strode onwards, casting their giant shadows in the future, and picturing, though dimly, the events which were to come; in families the sudden death or the bright marriage effected its change there—a change as important in its circle as the overthrow of dynasties and kings! Thrones might be shaken, the destinies of a world transposed, and whole nations hurled to ruin as they stood, but side by side with all this giant's work stole on the small current of the young maid's silent life. Side by side with deeds which wrote themselves a deathless name in history, spoke forth the trembling whispers of her first love. And in the midst of the vast universe, her newly awakened feelings formed her a world apart, and made her life as lonely as was ever sweet Ariadne's, as she stood upon the Naxian shore.

Lonely in truth! It is a maxim now almost trite, though still so true, that the want of sympathy is the only loneliness. And what sympathy can a young girl receive in the first feelings of her trembling, unacknowledged love? These are for none to understand, for none to answer!—for none but that casket of all that is holy, dear, and pure, the loving sister. Wanting this, she has no friend, nor sympathiser!

As I had foreseen, Mrs. Grayster acted on the impulse of her feelings; and a few interviews were sufficient to convert the casual visitors into friends. Time and place so influence man, that the feeling which, under ordinary circumstances, requires years to become matured, under others, ripens as soon as it is born.

I did not feel so much uneasiness at this connexion whilst the party

remained in the North; but when, at the end of the "lake season," they proposed to take Lucy back with them to London, my heart misgave me.

It was not that I doubted Mrs. Grayster's kindness. No one who looked into her beautiful and matronly face could mistake the nature within; but I dreaded the scenes into which my young friend must be led—scenes of frivolity and dissipation, to give them no harder name. I feared for her peace of mind with Lascelles; and something in Miss Craven's manner made me tremble for Lucy, connected as intimately as they would be.

Proud, imperious, selfish, and vain, there were times when Ellen Craven exhibited an indifference which seemed as if it could never warm even into an evil passion; while at others there was something almost sublime in the enthusiastic fervour, the wild warm feelings which seemed to enwrap her, as in a fiery garment—in a panoply—which protected her from all other harm than its own. Now, gentle as a child, she would sit hand in hand with Frederick Grayster; as if she asked no other pleasure but the pure sentiment of early life, when to share the same thoughts, to enjoy the same scene, to turn and gaze into each others' eyes, to timidly touch the loved hand, is all that love can offer; when passion has not awakened, and the ideal is the sole reality. Then, again, a few hours passed—and she would entangle the affections of Lascelles in a web of artificial graces, and weave nets for his peace, dyed with the rainbow tints of every proud and alluring art; or, with a world of passion gleaming from her dark eyes, she would hang upon his arm—abandoned, uncontrolled, unconscious—as though she would cast worlds at his feet, did he but reward her with his love.

I did not then know, as afterwards, that the moving principle of Ellen Craven's nature was vanity. She did not love either of these men; but she would, to gain their attentions, have ruined the peace of every one around her. There are many such—virtuous and respectable women the world calls them; but by-and-bye this same world will know that morality is not only in the omission of legal sins, and that there is a far deeper and holier Law of Right than ever the statutes of a nation framed!

And in the midst of these strong, conflicting passions, which the witcheries of Ellen raised up, fair Lucy stood, like an angel from the skies, scattering peace and harmony as she trod. The fair young flower—alas! it is sad that the gentle flowers must perish in the tempest round them! Born for sunshine and mild airs, they cannot withstand the scorching lightning or the chilling winter; they die equally in passion and in neglect.

In spite of my unwilling remonstrances, it was determined that Lucy should go back to town with her new friends. Her father acquiesced; and I, with a heavy heart, watched her departure, blaming myself that I had not been more strenuous in my opposition.

There were many tears at the parting. Lucy wept like a child first taken from its nurse; and I, had I not been a man, should have wept too. Doubly pained did I feel as Miss Craven, lifting up the broad lids from her flashing eyes, asked scornfully—"Why Miss Carr returned with them, if she so grieved over her choice."

I saw Lascelles turn pale. He had more than once befriended Lucy, when his proud mistress taunted her too sorely.

"Would you have every heart like your own, Miss Craven?" he asked.

"And that would be—?" And she bent her haughty head.

"I fear me, not overcharged with feeling," he answered, in a low voice.

"I may thank Miss Carr for this ungallant speech!" were her last words, as, with a dark glance to Lucy, she leaned back in the carriage.

And then a cloud of dust—the distant rattle of the parting wheels—was all that remained to us of our gentle and beloved child.

* * * * *

The season was at its height. Wherever you went, brilliant floods of light, music, laughter, dancing, and thronging crowds, told of the luxury and the

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gaiety which beset wide London. Even the humblest must have his gorgeousness—the gentlest his revelry.

Mrs. Grayster was in the fashionable world; not so much for her own wish, as to fulfil the duties of a *chaperone* and mother to Ellen Craven. Dinners, balls, and conversazioni succeeded each other in rapid succession; while morning concerts, visits, the fashionable lounging drive in the park, were the rational employments of the day.

Of all these parties Lucy Carr formed one; though the novelty soon wore off, and she began to sigh for peace, green hills, and silence.

"Will you come with us to-night?" Mrs. Grayster asked, one morning, as they discussed the evening engagements round the breakfast table.

It was to a ball—the first of a brilliant series, which were expected to throw the whole fashionable empire into confusion, and revolutionise it *ab initio*.

"May I wait until the evening, and then decide?" said Lucy, half timidly.

"Oh, my dear Miss Carr!" cried Ellen, "there is no occasion for such a parade of piteous looks. Your refusal or acceptance is not so all-important!"

"Not to Lady Riviere," replied Lucy, sweetly; "but," she added, almost inquiringly, "Mrs. Grayster might have filled my place in the carriage if I had decided at once. This was why I wished to keep it open. Now, you know," she continued, smiling, "if any strange intruder took my seat, I should be forced into the virtue of home-staying."

"Yes, I should fill it, dear, as you say," replied Mrs. Grayster; "for Captain Lascelles is going, and I should have taken him in your stead. But he can manage for himself; no one ever takes care of gentlemen."

Lucy had blushed very deeply. She said, suddenly, "I will go, if you please, dear madam."

Ellen Craven rose. Her face was pale and rigid. She left the room.

"Let it be so, then, my sweet child," replied Mrs. Grayster; and here the matter ended.

In the evening Lucy showed an unusual and painful excitement. Her eyes burnt with a light foreign to their mild lustre, and her appearance and manner betokened intense emotion. As she retired to dress, her hand shook so violently that Mrs. Grayster was obliged to accompany her to her room, performing the office of lady's maid by holding the candlestick, which else she must have dropped.

Ellen looked magnificent; she was in one of her proud humours, when she seemed to scoff at the whole world, and to take pleasure only in her contempt. For all she was so young, her dress was of black velvet, fashioned quite plainly; her ornaments gold, unmixed with jewels. She came into the drawing-room, where they all assembled before leaving, like a queen to her coronation; the gold tiara on her brow giving her a still more regal appearance. Her white skin told well against the deep black of her robe; and the gold which glittered through her jetty hair seemed to be its only fit confiner.

Lucy entered a few moments after; simply clothed in white, with a wreath of jasmine round her fair locks, nothing could have offered a more striking contrast to the magnificence, pride, and haughty beauty of her companion; even Mrs. Grayster half started as the girl came forward, and stood at a little distance from Ellen, like the impersonations of the two principles which rule mankind—pride and love—met together in the way of life.

The first person who met them at Lady Riviere's was Lascelles: Ellen bowed scornfully to him; Lucy blushed deeply, and held out her hand with an innocent trustfulness of manner that made Lascelles, in his turn, change colour.

As soon as he was able, he drew her aside. "Then you attended to my wish," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered simply; but the beating of her heart was visible to him, as he bent over her.

"I cannot see you alone at Mrs. Grayster's," he continued, "and I did not wish to write, for I have something to say to you that will hardly bear so cold

an interpreter as written words. Come with me to the conservatory," he added, suddenly, "It is cool there." His manner was feverish, his eyes restless, and his face was painfully flushed.

Lucy placed her arm in his, and they moved slowly through the crowd. They passed Ellen Craven, as she stood talking to a pale fair youth in a starched cravat. Oh! the proud disdainful glance she threw on the officer and his companion! It made Lascelles start; and his lip quivered, while his face became almost convulsed. This for a moment: the next, he turned to Lucy, whispering words which, although they were undefined and bore with them only the dreamy pleasure of the opium eater's visions, yet sank deep into her very soul, to prove her blessing or her bane, as fortune chanced.

They stood near a large orange tree, and for the first time Lucy listened to a confession of love; for the first time her innocent lips pronounced their secret, and her young heart beat full and fast with the weight of happiness it bore. But had she watched the face of her lover, had she marked the pain upon it, and seen the despair beneath his forced calmness, she had known more clearly to what misery she was consigning herself; she would have seen the shadow of the coming evil as it flitted past them, and have understood more rightly the falseness of words of love spoken by a man whose heart, soul, and life were bound up in another.

She was not the first of those unhappy ones who must atone for the sins of their sisters; she was not the only bride whose marriage bells have rung her knell;—whose marriage day rose in despair for him, and set in sorrow for them both!

As they left the conservatory—that spot now so sacred to Lucy—they met Ellen. She was paler than usual, and her lip was bleeding, as if she had wounded it with her tooth; but as they approached, she laid her hand on Lascelles' arm, and looking into his face with a fond, almost tearful look, she spoke a few words in a low and subdued voice. She was not the Ellen Craven whose haughty glance had defied him as he met it! She was a gentle, tender, impassioned woman, who forgot her very woman's dignity for love.

Lascelles, placing Lucy with Mrs. Grayster, led Miss Craven, at her request, to the refreshment-room.

"Why are you so changed to me?" she said, her voice low and tremulous, and her eyes cast upon the ground—"are you offended with me?—or what has caused it?"

"Nay, do not reproach me!" returned Lascelles; "are you not the one changed?—are you not the one haughty and repellant?"

"Can you forgive nothing to wounded feelings?" she asked, looking up into his face; "when I see myself slighted and neglected for another, would you have me gay and thoughtless? I am not the unfeeling person you have named me."

"I slight—I neglect you! Am I dreaming? Can it be you—Miss Craven—my own beautiful Ellen, speaking these words? God! it is all a mockery, and I am mad!" He leaned his head upon his hand, while a spasm, as if from intense pain, came over his whole body.

Ellen's eyes blazed out with all their lustre. But it was not the light of love that shone from them;—it was the fire of pride satisfied, a revenge accomplished, an ambition fulfilled. She had vowed to herself that she would obtain the love of Lascelles, against every obstacle—against her own very coldness and disdain—against his pride and honour. And in the few short burning words that he now poured out, she beheld her success, and gloried in her triumph.

And Lucy laid her fair head upon its pillow that night, thanking God that He had given her such deep joy, as the love of that glorious heart; weeping for gladness, that her sun had risen to set only now in death!

Ellen's last thought was a throb of exultation; her last look one of pride, and pleasure in her magic beauty, which had broken through every barrier that a man holds dearest. Pride, honour, constancy, kindness,—all she had furlled beneath her, and now trampled in the dust, as the banner of the fallen foe! The

words which bound him to another were scarcely mute in the echoing air, when she won from him a confession, fraught with dishonour as it was, that she alone possessed his love; and the parting kiss which Frederick Grayster had pressed upon her hand had scarcely passed away, when she offered—as if in the boundlessness of her passion—that very hand to him.

Lascalles forgot the poor pale maiden, standing like a cherub by his side: he forgot all but the maddening joy of Ellen's words; and not knowing what he said or what he had said, he bound himself to her by the dearest vows that could be spoken.

The next morning Ellen wrote to Frederick Grayster, formally renouncing their engagement;—"youth," "inexperience," &c., the usual cant of the earliest wearied, were her reasons. She showed the letter to Mrs. Grayster, and she could only weep for her son's misfortune, but she could not gainsay it. Besides, Miss Craven's fortune had always made her sensitively afraid to urge the affair; for though her son would also be rich, yet Ellen, as an heiress, was considered in speculative matrimonial parlance as a "catch" not often met with; and for this she had in the beginning opposed,—later, preserved a strictly neutral position as to the engagement.

A week after, she was hurried down to Cambridge—her son lay "dying;" as the doctor wrote: "A brain fever had been the result of mental excitement, and death must be the issue."

And thus Ellen numbered the first of her victims.

It was at her own desire that Lascalles preserved the secret of their engagement, while he also continued that false mockery with Lucy; and he, although he deeply felt the degradation and the dishonour of his actions, was under such utter thralldom to his mistress that he could not refuse her requests, be they what they might. It was a satisfaction to Ellen, known only to such as herself, to watch the false security of Lucy and the forced falsehood of her lover; to know that she, and she alone, was the mover of their lives, the arbiter, and disposer of their fortunes, and the one who could supplant every morality and virtue!

One day Lascalles entered the room suddenly, but noiselessly, when Mrs. Grayster was still in Cambridge, tending the death bed of her boy. He found Ellen sitting moodily by the window; her head leant upon her hand, while she held on her lap a large bouquet of magnificent hot-house plants. They were fastened in a silver porte bouquet, on which was stamped an earl's coronet. A letter lay with them.

"And whose are these?" he asked, as he examined them.

"A present to me," she answered, with indifference.

"You do not keep *mine* so carefully," Lascalles said, half piqued.

"Yours?—they were poor garden common things!" Ellen returned.

At that moment they heard Lucy, in the next drawing-room, singing to herself. She had never been taught to play, nor yet to sing, but she had a sweet voice, and a correct ear, and she never made a false note. This was her song:—

"Beautiful flowers of early Spring,

Ye have faded and passed away!

Like a gentle bird with a broken wing,

Ye have drooped in the summer day!

But ye've left in our hearts, sweet spring-tide flowers,

Visions which fleet not away with your hours!

"Blossoms of statelier birth are here,

Of prouder mien and a loftier air;

But, though brighter, they are not so loved or dear

As our humble spring-tide flow'rets were.

We deck the palace and hall with their pride:

With ye we bestrew the path of the bride!

"We crown the queen with a golden band,
 But ye must garland the hamlet maid :
 Jewels flash out from the lady's hand ;—
 'Midst hedge-row blossoms the child is laid.
 Ye may not deny which is dearest—best,
 For the worth of bright nature it stands confest !

"One moment with nature—one moment with ye,
 'Tis worth whole ages of pomp and wealth—
 One song from the skylark's heart of glee—
 One voice of the night-bird caught by stealth—
 One blossom of wild spring-flowers—'tis more
 Than the might of the world could give or restore !"

As she ended she came through the folding doors. She had not known that Ellen, still less Lascelles, had been in the other room ; they were sitting on a low ottoman together, and she heard their words. She stood transfixed, unable to retreat, unable to advance ; incapable of speech, incapable of all, but drinking in those poisonous words every accent of which was the knell of her happiness for ever !

"And he has offered you his hand ?" asked Lascelles.

"Read for yourself," returned Ellen, throwing him the letter.

"And you ?"—and the officer's voice quivered.

"And I refuse," she said ; "I cannot accept two lovers ; I cannot belong to you and Lord Henry Hardwicke at the same time." There was a scornful accent in her voice that struck Lascelles to the heart.

"No, no !" he murmured ; "you cannot act the false villain, as I have done ; you cannot steep your pure soul in falsehood, nor sully your bright lips in sin as I." He covered his face.

"Do you regret ?" said Ellen, bending her dark eyes upon him. "Do you reproach me with my love ? Is it my sin that you played the fool, and villain too, with Lucy Carr, and offered her a heart no longer in your possession ? If you regret your words—recall them ! Go to your fair mountain flower, and babble out your love to her ; but, Lascelles, do not dream of keeping *me*, with an enduring reproach ! He who loves *me* must love me wholly, and through all, else we have nothing in common. For you I have caused young Grayster's death, for me you must be as devoted. Choose between Lucy and myself ; but whatever your choice, never repent, if you would keep the love of either."

"Choose, Ellen ! Have I not already chosen ? Have I not already told you that my engagement with Lucy is a formal mockery, not annulled because of your own wish ? What more can I say—what more do, to prove my love ?"

"Nothing," said Ellen, slowly rising.

"My God ! my heart is broken !" cried Lucy ; and then she fell lifeless on the ground.

"Now renounce your formal mockery," cried Ellen ; "now claim me as your own."

And she swept from the room, to meet Mrs. Grayster, borne, half fainting, by her servants. The bereaved mother returned for the first time to her home.

"It is Lucy's own doing," thought Ellen ; "she thwarted me, she crossed me, and I have resented. Had Lascelles not neglected me for her, my engagement with Frederick would have continued, and all would have been well ; but now, she and her folly have worked all the mischief."

Ellen never reflected that her own pride and vanity had been the cause of this ruin. But, alas ! how seldom do people look rightly or justly on their own deeds ! If they can but throw the blame of their own sins on others, they soothe their souls with this flattering thought—"Not I, but others have transgressed ;" And thus closes their account with the Accusing Angel. In Heaven a truer judgment is to be found.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE REVELATIONS OF A MESS-TABLE.

By W. H. MAXWELL, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON," "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN A BARRACK—THE MESS-TABLE—ANNIVERSARY OF FUENTES D' ONORO—
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

OF the human family, no section is more generally misrepresented than its military branch; and the existence of a soldier, as it is gravely asserted and believed, passes in an unceasing round of racket and revelry. When not engaged at his mess-table, drinking "pottle-deep," he employs the solitude of his barrack-room in everything but devotional meditation: to wit, devising mischief against the susceptible portion of the fair sex—conspiring against the widowhood of a lady with "jointured land"—or (may Heaven forgive him!) penning an insidious epistle to some too-confiding gentlewoman in the straw-bonnet line. Hence, if a company be detached from head quarters to garrison a country town, their advent is considered by guardians as the signal to lock up; while every maiden aunt in the parish commences forthwith a course of lectures on female propriety. The most innocent occurrences are submitted to rigorous investigation, and uncharitable conclusions too frequently drawn from evidence not admissible in a court of law. Though the unfortunate commander should be blind as an owl at noontide, the use of an eye-glass is inhibited—that being most unjustly considered to be only an iniquitous excuse for staring into the parson's pew; and I recollect that the selection of that pleasant and exhilarating air called "I'm o'er young to marry yet," with which our drum and fife played us into —, during the Welsh riots, to take military occupation of the same, was tortured into a sort of public notice that we were disciples of Malthus; and, being totally averse to house-keeping, held heretical opinions touching the honour of the holy estate. Poor, dear, departed Captain Blinkinslop! he was no gay deceiver; were he quartered in Coventry in the days of my Lady Godiva, and had he but half a yard of clay in his mouth, and a tumbler of "brandy without" at his elbow, I verily believe that he would not have stirred from his chair to have looked upon the most interesting procession upon record.

If the moral character of the officer be misunderstood, the social condition of the soldier is still more outrageously misrepresented. In popular estimation he is held to be a slave—a red-coated serf, exposed to every indignity at the hands of his superiors, even from the lance-corporal to the lieutenant-colonel in command—and with him the cat-o'-nine-tails is closely associated as the accoutrements he wears. He is supposed to lead a pleasant life—one moiety of the year being resident in the black hole, while during the other, confined to the barrack yard, he enjoys pack-drill and pure air together. Now, there is not in the body politic, a section so comfortable and free from care—and, well fed, well-lodged, well-clothed, all that is required from the soldier is cleanliness and regularity. One day taken with another, he has three or four hours at his command, and over his regimental expenditure, as many pence to procure him a pipe, or pot of beer. No tax-gatherer institutes tender inquiries touching the quantum of his incomings—no landlord intimates that quarter day is come—the tailor sends in no bill at Christmas—and, not in figurative language, but in fact, the soldier has no care for to-morrow. The post, or an orderly dragoon, brings in a sudden rout; in five minutes—namely, the time required to strap on his knapsack—he is ready for the road. The band play "Over the hills and far away"—confiding housemaids blubber in the attic windows—while he, the deceiver, with his

goods and chattels on his back, steps out like a lamplighter, not caring a brass button whether his destination be Canterbury or Timbuctoo!

And yet a more monotonous and moral life than that of a regiment at home can scarcely be imagined. As the clock's dial points out the passage of fleeting minutes, so come, and with the same precision, the soldier's round of regimental duty. By the same summons, and at the same time, he eats and exercises, rises and goes to bed. The quiet, the neatness, the regularity of a modern barrack are proverbial. Order is everywhere apparent, and even the hospital is so thoroughly ventilated—so critically kept clean—that those who would recoil from entering a sick chamber may pass through the wards, and pronounce them inoffensive as a drawing-room. Should the day be wet, when off guard, you will find the soldier in his gallery, reading some instructive book, chatting to his companions, or furbishing his accoutrements. Should the weather be fine, he disposes of his idle hours as he pleases; passes the gates unchallenged, and walks where fancy leads. At times, he lounges with half a dozen comrades in a corner of the parade. You will hear his light and frequent laugh—but, listen for a twelvemonth, and the sound of blasphemy will never smite the ear. The stranger may fearlessly stroll in, view this human beehive, and no impudent observation will annoy him; and should the peasant girl venture with her rustic wares within gates—in vulgar opinion, and from the supposed immorality of the inmates, *tabooed* against woman—she sells her eggs and poultry, and returns, marvelling that she passed its courts unscathed—no lip breathing an offensive remark—no eye conveying a silent impertinence; and yet honest Mr. Bull would no more allow his lady wife and estimable daughters to set their feet on the gravel of a parade, than, at the present time and prosperous state of things in Ireland, himself—good easy man!—would venture on a tour through Tipperary.

I hinted that morality might be found fully as predominant within a barrack gate as without it. By those enlightened persons who attach crime as a consequence to a profession—fancy that a graveyard is desecrated by the interment of an actor—and opine that Hamlet the Dane and his gentle Ophelia should be planted *extra muros*—I shall most probably be laughed at. Well, D.V., I may manage to survive this visitation—and still I will assure them that the fact is so.

In a barrack vice cannot openly exist. The rigid provisions of the soldiers' code, as well as the conventional refinement a military life enforces, absolutely forbid it. Inferiors cannot, and dare not, attempt an open infraction of moral law, and the good taste of their superiors, were it merely on score of example, render offences *contra bonos mores* most infrequent. Contrast the latitude conceded to the civilian, and that refused to the *militaire*. Dare an officer, when with his regiment, *chaperon* an impure, drive her through a country town, or place her a fixture in his barrack-room? No; an emphatic hint that the sooner he sent his papers in* would be the better—and as vulgar language is sometimes most expressive—it would be plainly intimated that the regiment would not have him at any price, and, in Irish parlance, it was expected that he would "cut his stick" *instantly*.

So much for the morality, and, alas! for the monotony, of home service. Formerly, to the military occupants of country quarters, English hospitality was but sparingly dispensed, while in Ireland it was offered even to exuberance. Times have changed, and for the home-service soldier the change is all the worse. Engrossed in never-ending speculation, whether it be another tunnel under the Thames, or a railway in the Orkneys, in England the question was, could a man manage a theodolite, not wield a sword? In Ireland, those who erstwhile lavished boundless kindness on a garrison, are, well-a-day! *hors de combat* by the condition of the times; while those whose means are still sufficient to allow a choice of residence, have wisely retired from a country where life is over estimated at a pin's fee. Large as his old claims may be, those of the

* The preparatory step taken by an officer who is about to leave a regiment, or retire from the service.

soldier are utterly repudiated. He's out of fashion,* and when the village quidnunc reads the budget, he groans in bitterness of spirit over the military estimates; while the well-to-do tradesman, passing the Horse Guards, eyes the swordsman in either niche—sighs as if he, individually, fed the horse and clothed the rider in his “glittering panoply;” and then quietly inquires why these military nuisances exist?—and wherefore biped or quadruped cumbereth the ground?

Patience, Honest John! Where are your old Peninsulars? Gone! Where, that admirable militia, who fed the wasting regiments of the line, came into fire before the county badges on their knapsacks could be removed, and, fresh from their island home, withstood the battle-storm with the endurance of their native cliffs, and outfought the grizzled heroes of Austerlitz and Wagram? Where be that best of guerillas, England's sturdy yeomanry?—men who, with the local knowledge of an enclosed country such as their's, would have proven the deadliest thorn that ever pierced the foot of an invader. Answer it, Mr. Bull, in poor Davy's words, when he sate among the ruins of Tully-veolan—“Aw, lost and gain! ‘Aw, lost and gain!’”

Wait a while, worthy John! Go on, after your own fashion—lavish millions on the humbug of the day—partition the country into as many railway subdivisions as there are chequers in a Highland kilt—construct an aerial communication with the moon, and bore after mineral wealth, even to the antipodes; growl at every shilling in your navy estimates, and starve your army to an atrophy—and if within *three years* you do not mourn in sackcloth and ashes for your folly, I'll throw my mantle aside, and forswear prophecy for ever!

The very method which marks every event in military life, robs it of variety—and in the barrack in which our story, or rather stories, open, no occurrence disturbed our dog-trot course of existence, beyond that caused by the drum-major's appearance with the post-bag, or the production by the guager of his writ of assistance, with a requisition—acceded to, as a matter of course—for a subaltern's party to aid and protect an intended foray against illicit distillers. This *tour de service* was dearly loved by the men, for they got one shilling and sixpence paid down, and as much whisky as they could carry—and sometimes a little more. To the officer, however, the duty was not agreeable. True, his professional fee was half-a-guinea—but would the same half-guinea repay him, labour apart, for a dip, chin-deep, into a treacherous moss-hag? It will be unnecessary to call evidence by gentlemen of the sword, who have been engaged in “still-hunting,” to prove that there is no affinity between scarlet cloth and Connaught bog-water.

The quarters we occupied, like the cabin celebrated in Irish song, was

“Delightfully placed in a bog,”

all around us being a brown and boundless morass, very favourable for illicit distillation, and with every convenience, in a dark night, to put an ensign's uniform “past praying for.” It had, however, some morning advantages to offer as compensation to the sufferer. Snipes and plovers were abundant, and as the Thug system was but partially introduced in the year of grace, 1820, men could go out to shoot, and return without being shot at. The “lads,” as the younger officers were termed, consequently spent, weather permitting, their mornings on the moor; while older hands, having the fear of ague and sciatika before their eyes, whiled the time away over a rousing peat fire in the mess-room, collecting from the *Times* and *Post* all that was said and done in

* Extracted from a political pamphlet, written the same year on which these military revelations were made:—“The intoxication of our military successes, during the latter years of the war, has now entirely passed away; and people think much more of the millions it has added to the national debt, than the laurels it has added to the national glory. The wine has been drunk out, and the head-ach and the bill come the next morning. Never, we are convinced, was there a period at which war and warriors were less popular in this country.”

civilised Europe—namely, such portions of the continent as lie eastward of that blessed stream, the Shannon.

In its military solitude, the mess-room is the sole dependence of a regiment. It offers a coffee-room in the morning, and a *reunion* in the afternoon. The day may be killed by the boys in killing snipes—but he who has turned the wrong side of forty, eschews that pleasant amusement altogether. He looks now to matrimony and retirement—the sword must be changed for the sickle—for when he gets the next step, he'll quit the trade of arms, and, cantoned under his own fig-tree, the *placens uxor* alone will be required to realise an Arcadian wind-up to his career. Immersion in an Irish bog-hole will not improve a complexion roasted for six years in the West Indies, and bleached afterwards by a winter in the Pyrenees; Captain Oldbuck will retire comfortably—but a slight addition of means upon the lady's part, will, under housekeeping considerations, be anything but objectionable. In Ireland—*i. e.*, “the west,” an heiress is a curiosity. There are abundant candidates for matrimony, whose fortunes, like their charms, are unquestionable; but the drawback is, that from the tension of the security, for three centuries, nobody could get at these well-protected dotations. Captain Oldbuck was a Saxon, and he carried Saxon prejudices into that land of Goshen, to which, for his sins, he had been recently transmitted. He held,—unhappy man!—the erroneous opinion that the English funds were safer than a Connemara rent-charge. In Connaught, therefore, he would abandon all Hymenial attempts; keep himself up for Cheltenham, and trust the *cetera divinis*.

Mess-table details have been very pleasantly given by men who, *Hibernice*, “never had a leg beneath their mahogany;” and, according to their portraiture, the said mess-table is distinguished by an eternal and uproarious festivity, and may be described as a thing between the *table d'hôte* of a bagman's inn, and what in London is termed “a free and easy.” Will the reader be surprised when I assure him, notwithstanding the weight of these authorities, that in no society, however elevated, a purer specimen of conventional propriety will be found, than in that which is presented by the dinner *reunion* of a well-regulated regiment? There the most perfect harmony reigns paramount; and whatever private annoyances an individual may have experienced, he enters his mess-room with a determination to forget them. All within is on a gentlemanly equality. To-day the colonel presides—to-morrow the junior ensign occupies the place of honour. No feelings, save brotherly ones, are brought across the threshold. If a commanding officer has *wigged* a youngster on parade that morning, he requests Jack or Tom to drink wine before the fish is taken away. In a military community the sun never sets, or is supposed to set, in anger. Irritating disputations are discouraged—argument extinguished *in limine*—no coarse observation will be tolerated—no rude contradiction be allowed to pass without a prompt apology. Tempers here must be controlled; and a man constitutionally quarrelsome, and who in other society would find himself eternally in hot water, escapes annoyance from himself, from the absolute necessity imposed upon him of submission to the conventional decorum of a body, now presided over by a soldier of twelve battles, and now by a neophyte of seventeen.

Peninsular triumphs in 1820 had not altogether faded from recollection, and while the Waterloo too-fortunates sported five shillings' worth of silver on their breasts, the glory and the shame of England—her matchless Peninsulars—were obliged to mark the return of their proudest anniversaries by the insertion of a laurel leaf in button-hole or shaco. The day of Fuentes had once more come round—and, alas! on morning parade not a hundred laurel leaves were exhibited; while that evening, in the mess-room, their number was reduced to nine. Where were the other hundreds of that proud battalion, that, “like the bursting thunder-cloud,” broke Napoleon's middle guard in its hour of imaginary triumph, and forced their blood-marked way through the victors of a hundred battles? Gone, invalided, or in the grave. Happy, indeed, the latter. England, in her wise munificence, bestowing *then* upon an irreclaimable drunkard in workhouse alms, that which would have smoothed the declining years of the vete-

ran, and enabled the old man to wear away the remnant of his days in comfort, until the last rout came.

The clock struck seven, and eight-and-twenty scarlet jackets encircled the mess-table of the gallant 8—th. Brilliant as an exuberance of plate and lights could make the festive board, there were other appearances that marked this to be a night that carried with it honourable recollections. The colours of the regiment, or rather the relics of their silk, wreathed thick with laurel, flaunted above the head of the colonel, who presided on this hallowed festival. Both poles were clasped with silver, for both had been shattered in action by a bullet. These plates were inscribed, and on each an escutcheon commemorated the names of those who had been killed or wounded while the flag-staff was in their hand. On that of the King's colour five names were gloriously recorded; but the regimental one was richer in its victims—it numbered nine. The band was in attendance—the usual course of regimental toasts were given—when the president demanded a high bumper to drink, "To the memory of Fuentes."

A mess-room speech is generally short, and to the purpose, and on its thirteenth anniversary the glorious reminiscence of the Fuentes d'Onoro was briefly recalled. Three wild cheers marked the regimental pride with which the honoured toast was responded to; while the band, in single files, encompassed the table thrice, thundering from trumpet and trombone, as they marched round the backs of the company, "The British Grenadiers."

Presently the din had ended, the guests resumed their seats, the musicians retired to the ante-room, and a lull succeeded to the noisy outburst with which one of the most dashing exploits of the crack regiment, of the old "fighting third" had been proudly recalled. After a pause of five minutes the colonel rose again, and in a low voice called for another bumper. All filled to the brim, while, in tones which betrayed the emotion of the speaker, he proposed, "the memory of those who died at Fuentes,—in solemn silence." Every glass was drained to the bottom, and then shivered into atoms against the mess-room walls, lest, after this sacred offering to the dead, its crystal should be desecrated by another toast. Again the company were re-seated—and the band, with a suppressed bass, played "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

He who has followed his comrade to the narrow house with all the imposing ceremonial conferred upon a soldier's funeral, will remember that with the parting volley which peals over the grave of the departed military regret is supposed to terminate.

The cloud which may settle on a mess-room's hilarity is still more transitory—the *dum vivimus, vivamus*, is speedily recollected—and the memory of the past is not permitted to cast its gloomy shadows over the present hour of social pleasure. Gradually the conversation resumed its ordinary tone, and those who had died at Fuentes were "left alone in their glory."

"Do you recollect poor Egerton, who joined us from the Guards three months before the action, and the singular presentiment he expressed that his first battle should be his last one? Well, that anticipation was fulfilled."

The president nodded an affirmative.

"He came to us," continued the junior major, "evidently a man of sorrow—one for whom the world had not a charm left. He shunned society—but the blandness of his demeanour and the high polish of his manners made us overlook his misanthropy—and the mental gloom that in others would have incurred dislike, in his case, poor fellow! commanded a general sympathy. The regiment,—it was but conjecture, Colonel—fancied that you were not altogether ignorant of our comrade's secret history."

"The regiment were not astray," returned the President, "and strange as may appear, the decease of the last person who could be affected by a private revelation, made under circumstances of unusual interest, and at the distant period of a dozen years, was announced in this morning's paper. At this remote day, would a tale so long buried with its narrator on a battle-field, have interest?"

A general eagerness to hear a story hitherto wrapped in mystery was evinced—the wine was sent round the table—and the colonel thus commenced:—

"Time produces many a change in the varied orders of society; but with none does the old fellow take greater liberties than he does with us gentlemen of the sword. When my eye sweeps this table round, it counts nineteen fresh faces, and I ask myself, where be those ancient camarados who once would have filled these chairs—and echo answers 'Where?' Schoolmen assert roundly that death is most impartial in his dealings; I deny the dogma altogether—for whomsoever he may pass over, from us he exacts payment to the day. Well! though he is a creditor not to be put off, still he's no dun—won't tease his customer by importunity—does the thing like a gentleman—and claims principal and interest in a swoop.

"Every tale has an epoch and locality, and I must briefly describe the circumstances and the place, under which and where, this melancholy story was entrusted to me by Frank Egerton.

"To the operations of the campaign itself it would be tedious to allude; but we may merely observe that they eventuated in the battle of Fuentes d' Onoro. Military necessities obliged the rival armies, on this occasion, to "stand the hazard of the die"—and a contest, forced on by Massena, could not be refused by Wellington. The latter, acting on the defensive, selected the best position that an open country would afford; and to receive the expected conflict the allied divisions took ground on the flat and extensive plateau which rises above the stream of the Azava, while the large and pretty village of Fuentes d' Onoro formed the key, and gave its name to the battle that succeeded. The advantage of receiving an enemy in position is decidedly in favour of an army acting on the defensive; but, on this occasion, it was greatly overbalanced by the numerical superiority of the assailants. In mutual strength, the infantry might be reckoned equal; while Massena, in guns, was stronger by a third, and in splendid cavalry, immeasurably superior to his antagonist.

With the general events of a two days' contest we have no concern. The scene where these honoured colours were displayed, and the tale I am about to tell was narrated, lay in the upper portion of the village, which, throughout the day, had been furiously assailed and defended. Neither of the combatants could boast much advantage. Fuentes had been the theatre of desperate fighting from the sun rose until he set; and when night closed the contest, the French held the lower portion of the hamlet, and the Allies occupied the upper tesson. Although, on both sides, those who assaulted and maintained the key of the grand position had been fed constantly with reinforcements, they were now too seriously reduced to abide the war-tempest expected on the morrow; and after darkness fell the sixth division were retired from the place they held so desperately, and the old "fighting third" occupied the upper village in their stead.

The *entrée* of a regiment on its battle ground is generally exciting. It has freshness and variety; but the occupation of a post like Fuentes was cheerless and depressing. It was close on midnight when we arrived; the street was covered with the dead—the convent we halted beside crowded with the wounded. The evening preparations for the carrying of Fuentes on the next morning were not equivocal. A movement of several brigades and batteries at sunset, announced that the French Marshal would make his essay in force; and in accordance with the military arithmetic of his great master Napoleon, as the end sanctified the means, he would win the disputed village; no matter whether the expenditure of life should amount in round numbers to hundreds or thousands.

I had then the grenadier company of the regiment; and although our casualties the preceding autumn had been heavy, a draft of Irish militia-men joined us in the spring, and nobly filled up the *hiati* of the last campaign. Every man, you know, is mad; and my hallucination led me to believe that never did four-score flankers exceed my "charge of foot." Then, indeed, were they in their "pitch of pride," and when we piled arms at midnight, beneath the grey walls of San Francisco, I would have backed my scoundrels, man for man, against

the best that sported bear-skin. Alas! the reduction of Lear's knights was not more rapid than that of my valued grenadiers; for next sunset but fifty names responded to the muster-call. Where were the missing?—straggling, plundering, or deserted? No! stretched in the sleep of death on the bloody street of Fuentes—mobbed with hundreds of their victims—all cold and stark. And who were they? The *veille moustache* of Napoleon—those who at Friedland had turned the wavering tide of victory, the *élite* companies of a pet battalion of the Middle Guard."

The pickets had been posted—and the sentries

"Walked their lonely round"

within a few paces of their watchful fellows—personal annoyance between them was never thought of, for the courtesies of war were now understood and practised. I, in turn of duty, had visited the outposts—and on my return to the convent, stopped on the summit of the street to look over the wide expanse of country, for miles around tenanted for night by two armies second in naught but numbers to any that had ever tried conclusions in the field. The bivouacs, right and left, far as the eye could range, were brilliantly illuminated; and a thousand watch fires sparkled within sight of Fuentes. At twenty-seven a man looks at matters with an enthusiasm, that at forty he regards with the indifference of middle-age. Stop, gentlemen, I am matrimonially "without incumbance"—and I trust a rash admission that I belong to the quartagenarian corps may not escape this room, and be turned to my disadvantage—Jack! pass the wine!"

The order was obeyed—and the gallant colonel thus continued:—

"I paused upon the crest of the tesson—looking round me at the glittering plateau, and all its surrounding low grounds.

"Glorious sight! I muttered—"and every of your watch-fires grouped round by the best and hottest blood of France and England."

"Of which hot blood what quantity will not be cold as the clay it saturates, before the sun sinks to-morrow?" said a voice beside me.

I turned hastily round—Egerton was at my elbow—"What part of this night-scene do you most admire?" he carelessly continued—"Yon lighted ridge above, or this interesting operation that goes on beside us?" and he pointed to several dusky figures employed in removing dead bodies from the causeway, to afford, when daylight came, a freer action for the living. "*N'importe*, my friend—in a few hours they will have the same duty to perform for me, Harding."

"What *you*—our last arrival—and in such a confounded hurry to part company?" I inquired, with a smile.

"But for that cherished hope I never would have left the shores of England." He drew a silver flask from a pocket in his cloak—"Tis brandy, Harding;" and putting the canteen to his lips, he drank to me, and passed it over. I followed the example, and returned the flask, but he refused it. "Keep it, Harding," he said; "my name and arms are engraven on it, and the flask will be a memorial of him who erstwhile owned it. See! the first grey streak of morning shows feebly in the east, and in another hour, daylight and 'the tug of war' will come together. I would speak with you apart: and yonder angle of the convent-wall will, as I fancy, afford us a *tête-à-tête*. Soft! are there not sleepers here?" He stooped down: the recumbent figures were fallen soldiers. "Ah! their's is the sleep of death! The place will suit the purpose."

He stepped over the bodies of the slain, and I followed.

The scene was in keeping with the story—Egerton's indeed was a melan-

REMEMBER THE ELEVENTH!

A TURKISH TALE (FOUNDED ON FACT).

By FANNY E. LACY.

"All things work together for good, to those that love God."—*Romans*, chap. viii., ver. 28.

THE destroying angel yet hovered over the doomed city of Damascus. The direful ravages of the plague, continued to be proclaimed by the groans of the dying, and wail of the bereaved; as infection, stealing through gilded lattices with the perfume of garden-roses, breathed its silent, subtle poison upon the sparkling jets of the many-coloured fountains. Friend hurried from friend—the lover shrunk with horror from the beloved. Mothers alone—heart-broken mothers—still, with despairing energy, clasped their stricken infants yet closer in the agonies of death, thus to inhale their own. The visitation seemed to have become universal; for silence had usurped the busy tumult of each bazaar, and richly-stored bezestein. The voices of the Imaums trembled as they summoned to the house of prayer; and who, bowing reverentially at set of sun, dared hope to greet its rising! Such are a portion of thy judgments, oh, Thou! the All-righteous! judgments, that are even as blessings, when awakening thy humbled creatures to a sense of thy presence, a knowledge of thy power, and a trust in "thy mercy that endureth for ever!" Abou-Cazem was in his magnificent harem—magnificent as ever in its marble-pillared dome, its luxurious couches, and costly hangings; for Abou-Cazem was wealthy: yet was he now alone; and plunged in the silence of woe-struck meditation, on the visitation of the hour. Ten days had passed heavily away since the destroyer had first entered his abode: each day had borne away a life that had been dear to him, or one that had at least been a contented inmate of his roof: and now those splendid walls, that so oft had reflected the softened radiance of glowing tapers, and mirrors that had flashed back the keener brightness of unveiled beauty—the dome that had echoed the graceful Almeh's lightly-tinkling bell, as she moved to the measure of the gay zebek—owned but the death-like stillness of their wretched master. At intervals, indeed, would a heavy sigh burst from his laboring breast; together with one remarkable, oft-repeated sentence, in tones of sullen despair:—"On the eleventh day, let the eleventh beware!" was still the burden of each gloomy reverie, a mystery no longer—for had not the last ten days, in dread succession, swept his whole family of love and fealty? Had not wife, children, slaves—all been the inevitable victims of the last ten days, leaving the prediction of the *eleventh* to be fulfilled in his own person? And does Abou-Cazem, deprived of every earthly tie, shrink from his destiny? he, the upright, the virtuous, the sternly just, the meekly pious, the generous, the hospitable, the everywhere extolled and lauded for his deeds—can *he*, can Abou-Cazem *fear* to meet his last mortal hour? Let us glance back upon his past career.

Abou-Cazem was the son of a noble Emir; whose lineal claim to the green turban, was graced by virtues, and an unshaken probity, that won for him a still brighter renown. The son, as he advanced in life, walked, universally honoured, in the steps of his noble progenitor. The parents of young Abou-Cazem, and all connected with him, could not but rejoice in his virtuous promise, although one perplexing circumstance in the position of this so favoured one, to which memory would occasionally revert, never failed to impress them with dismay and apprehension for the future.

"On the eleventh day, let the eleventh beware!" had still been the mysterious and vague reply of the Magi, and skilful astrologers consulted at the birth of Abou-Cazem, which though more as warning than as doom, was yet dreaded by his

anxious parents as a portent of some impending evil. Abou-Cazem had an elder brother, named Yuseph ; who was in all respects the reverse of himself, and who had caused his parents proportionable affliction. No sooner had this young man arrived to maturity, than after a brief, but most abandoned course, he ultimately connected himself with a lawless horde, that had long been the terror of the peaceable citizens ; and thus became entirely estranged from his family. The generous Abou-Cazem alone was silent, amid the universal condemnation of his degraded brother ; and as time progressed, became united to a lady excelling in beauty and virtue, and, like himself, of noble extraction. Then did Yuseph, also enamoured of the beautiful Selima, burn with new rancour towards his more successful brother ; and resolved to lose no occasion of planting thorns in the path of the deserving Abou-Cazem, strewn with the roses of content, and bright in the sunshine of prosperity. The father of these two young men, at length concluding his mortal career, it was discovered that the justly-incensed parent, had deprived the elder of his heirship, in favour of his more deserving brother. Disappointment—rage—appeared then to snap the slender fraternal tie at once ; but on one side only : for the peaceable, the noble-minded Abou-Cazem, sought his disinherited brother ; and would have compromised, would have shared the wealth of his portion ; but was answered only by the scowl of hatred, and words of angry defiance. Yuseph again joined his base associates : while Abou-Cazem, still favoured by fortune and the glory of renown, lived in the peaceful security of virtue ; and became the parent of a numerous offspring : One among them, his latest born, was ever the dearest loved ; and this was the pretty infant Zellida. She was a little unfolded bud of scarce three summers ; the sweetest blossom of his rose-garden, and more welcome to his eyes than the sun-beam of its crystal fountains. All Damascus had heard of the worthy Emir's delight in the little claimant of his paternal affection ; and Abou-Cazem, as fondly reciprocating the innocent caresses of this precious gift of Heaven, felt at peace with all Damascus, and the whole world beside. This new source of happiness for his fortunate brother soon became known to Yuseph ; even in the desert haunts of his rapacious deeds ; and stirred his base nature to the cruel resolve of wresting from him the reward of a virtuous course. One evening, the unsuspecting Abou-Cazem sought the shade of a favourite orange bower within his delightful garden ; calling, as was his wont, for the little companion of his recreative hour ; when her nurse suddenly appeared before him ; her garments rent, her dishevelled hair covered with the dust of affliction, and her whole demeanour indicative of some terrible calamity. The father's anxious heart was instantly the prey of dreadful anticipations.

"What means this ?" he hurriedly exclaimed, "my child—my little Zellida !—speak, what has happened ?"

"Oh! my gracious lord," at length faltered the slave, "the Dervise,—the wretch! the impostor! he was but now in the garden with amulets and trinkets—the dear babe was delighted—and I—I did but stoop to examine the contents of his basket, when in an instant she was in his arms, and he upon his swift Arabian, which I had not observed at the gate, bearing the dear frightened babe I know not where."

The thoughts of Abou-Cazem instantly adverted to his abandoned brother : but the course most efficient for redress ill accorded with the impatience of the outraged parent ; who lost not an instant in mounting his fleetest steed in pursuit, according to the directions he received from the weeping slave ; indulging, perhaps, some lingering hope of yet awakening nature in that obdurate breast ; and thus regaining his lost child, upon grounds honourable to such influence ; for some minute after-inquiry had identified the offender beyond further doubt. The Emir sped quickly on his way, as guided by furtive recollections of his brother's former haunts. He had left the gates of the city far behind him ; when a clashing of weapons from an adjacent coppice, suddenly arrested his course, and caused him to hasten to the spot. He arrived to behold one of the combatants fall bleeding to the earth ; while the other made for the

open plain. Abou-Cazem approached to discover, with strange conflict of feelings, he whom his anguished haste was seeking, wounded and powerless at his feet: but the child—his little Zellida. Where, oh! where was *she*? such were the first frantic demands of Abou-Cazem. "Alas! my brother," he at length exclaimed; "thou art wounded, perchance dying, and no one is near. Yuseph, oft hast thou injured me; but in this hour all should be forgotten; for are we not brothers? are we not fellow creatures before the same Creator?—yet wherefore is it that thou dost thus afflict me? My child! my helpless little one! thou knowest she was the shining light of my eyes, the sunbeam of my path; why, then, hast thou torn her from me? Pity me, Yuseph, and if still the power of speech is thine, tell me where thou hast bestowed her? Is she near? Holy prophet! is she alive? Yuseph, I conjure thee, if thou canst not speak, yet by some sign give indication where I may seek my child." But the Emir as he gazed, encountered but the smile of derision on those bloodless lips, and the gleam of malignant triumph in those sinking eye-balls. The spirit of that hardened one seemed odurate to the last; and that glance of fiendish triumph, suggesting the most cruel suspicions to the wretched Abou-Cazem, goaded his outraged feelings at length, beyond all human control. "Hear me, thou wretched man," he exclaimed, trembling with passionate emotion, "thou that, pitiless and unrelenting, hast for no offending cause, rent from me the last and dearest gift of Heaven; thou that can'st smile in fiendish mockery upon the agony thou hast wrought, hear how, in thy last hour, a brother's curse now hurleth thy blackened soul to the hell of its eternity! yea, I have said it: my curse, more blighting than the fiery simoom of the desert—my curse be upon thee, now and for ever!" Abou-Cazem ceased; his limbs trembling beneath him, at the sound of his own awful denunciation. Pausing, he looked again upon the object of his direful curse, to behold at his feet nought but a silent and senseless corpse, for Yuseph was now dead; and although those grim and distorted features still bore the impress of evil, they were now but inanimate clay. Abou-Cazem gazed awhile bewildered, and almost overwhelmed by the sudden revolution of his feelings, awakened by this awful sight. His better nature resumed sway; and his tears fell thick and fast, for that which he could never recal. *He*, the pious, the patient of offence, the tolerant, and all forgiving; who never had breathed unkindness to the meanest slave; who permitted no earthly affection to supersede the love of virtue; who deemed human passions but as passing clouds, obscuring the pure calm of Heaven's peace; *he* had cursed a dying man! his own brother! How had all the righteous deeds of his past life been sullied by those few brief words of deadly sin! fatal words! soon spoken, long to be remembered! But he had *thought* not—he had not *paused* to think *how* near death might be. Oh! Abou-Cazem, if all but *thought*, and sometimes paused to reflect that death is *ever* near, how much of bitter, unavailing remorse were spared the living! too late to think—too late to retract. *Too late! too late!* Oh! words that inscribe volumes of misery on the tablet of memory's accusing conscience!

Abou-Cazem slowly turned away. Humbled—debased in his self-esteem, he now looked upon the bereavement of his favourite child, and the uncertainty of her fate, as a judgment from Heaven. On reaching his own abode, his first care was to summon the most trusty of his slaves, and direct him to the spot where lay the body of Yuseph, with instructions to remove it for interment in the cypress-groves of his own garden. The slave, observant and penetrative, soon perceived that some deeper source of grief lurked beneath the gloom of his altered lord; and that, also, when the numerous emissaries dispatched in search of the lost child returned unsuccessful, that he bowed with silent submission, and as though acknowledging the justice of the calamity that had visited his house. Soon the intelligence of Yuseph's body having disappeared, suggesting the general supposition of its having become the prey of the prowling tenants of the wilderness, planted an additional barb in the stricken conscience of the wretched Abou-Cazem; and when the moonbeams flooded

with radiance, that second Paradise of the Prophet's admiration*—the fair city of Damascus—to silver o'er its rose-gardens of delight, that are sometimes also the cemeteries of cherished remembrance—oft would Abou-Cazem gaze, till his excited imagination would shadow forth the menacing and bleeding form of his brother, stealing before the glittering fountains, to mingle with the dark cypress drooping over marble monuments of death; while the soft strains of answering nightingales would be lost in the echo of that fatal curse, memory so faithfully repeated. In the harem's festive hour—at the hospitable board—even in the sacred precincts of the Mosque, would those terrible words still rise above all; and then would the Emir, pierced with remorse, humbled in the dust, be more than ever lauded for his piety—for One Eye alone to read his heart!

And now had fourteen years drawn to a weary close, since Abou-Cazem had first mingled his tears with those of the mother of his little lost Zellida. It was, as already has been stated, the eleventh day of the awful visitation to his house, and he alone remains. He is the *eleventh*, and bows his head to that which he deems inevitable. The day is drawing on; and soon will the sacred hour of sunset claim the observance of all true believers—the last, perchance, that shall be honoured by Abou-Cazem; for already doth the death-fever rage within his shrinking veins—cold drops start forth upon his ghastly brow—his eyes are dim—but his *inward* sight! how doth all the past arise in strange distinctness before his mental view! Long bygone hours seem but as those of the day before. Time is as nought: the past—the present—already are as one; and the future——! Abou-Cazem groans with torture; mind and body became equally victims, and delirium fires his brain as he strives to pray, and fain would hope; but a hellish chorus shrieks that rash curse louder—louder still, above his feeble supplications. Quickly succeed all the direful attributes of that awful visitation, from which both friend and foe rush with equal abhorrence from the sufferer, that rarely hath escaped its fury; and Abou-Cazem feels that he must die alone: none will lament him, for have not all dear to him been already taken? And shall he meet them in the abode of the blessed? “Never—never!” those voices shriek: “Hope it not; he whom thou didst curse on earth hath barred for thee the gates of heaven! Hark! hark! how the echo of thine ungodly words drowneth the supplication of thy last hour!” And then is that curse of past years shrieked louder yet, by that unearthly din; while clusters of wreathing arms seem lifting his scorched frame from his death-couch, to dash it back again with fiendish mockery: around—around—around wild shadowy forms seem to chase each other in fantastic circles; still increasing—still rushing onwards with bewildering celerity, in endless circuit, and his burning eye-balls, flashing unnatural fires, behold strange, distorted countenances peering from shaded corners of the apartment, changing or fading, according to the influence of the disordered brain.

A change now appeared to be wrought within the harassed frame, and reason in part resumed its empire, as the sufferer faintly murmured, “Yet will I not believe that Heaven deserts the penitent: it is the suggestion of the evil one. I will hope—hope to the last. It is not death, or the pangs of death, I fear; for could I but recal the past, were Yuseph now again before me—before me in life, to hear my dying words, my blessing should—Holy Prophet! *what do I see?*” For Abou-Cazem as he spoke, looking upon the curtain that veiled the entrance to his apartment, beheld it slowly and silently drawn aside: to disclose a form and features he but too well remembered. Was it possible?—or was it the mockery of his still distempered brain?—that he seemed again to look upon that evil brother of past years? the source of all his misery—of his one great offence

* Mahomet, beholding it from a neighbouring mountain, was so delighted with the appearance of the city and its environs, that he refused to enter, or even to approach any nearer to it; saying, “I am sure there is but one Paradise designed for man, and I will not enjoy mine in this world.”—*Millar*, page 141.

—of his bitter remorse? Had, then, his true repentance prevailed with Heaven to permit this visit from the world of spirits, to soothe his dying hour, that he might revoke that awful denunciation of human passion? for surely it was his brother Yuseph, the same as when in life, that now returned his earnest gaze! Yet still did those dark features wear the implacable menace of former days; and as the figure continued to silently approach the couch, it seemed as though a drawn scimitar flashed in the bright moonbeam! "Now praise be unto Allah!" murmured the dying and awe-struck Emir, "that thus I look on thee, oh! my brother. Yuseph, the hand of the angel of death is upon me; and my words may not now be as in the days of passion, earthly desires, and the frame of healthful vigour. Hearken, then, unto the last words of this my mortal tenement, ere eternity shall unfold the gates of after-life, to the disembodied soul. Once, in years of the past, thou didst pitilessly snatch from me a treasure, which my spirit well nigh worshipped. Thou wert the permitted instrument of my just punishment, when thou didst rend a blossom that was unto her father's eye the sweetest in life's pathway. Thou didst triumph, and rejoice in my agony; and wert deaf to my supplications to restore my darling. Brother, I ask not now if that dear child be living, or if she be happy; for I feel that the words I now speak are my last; and they are those of pardon and of blessing unto thee, oh! my brother, even as I hope for pardon and blessing in the eternity unto which my soul is called away." During this appeal of the dying Emir, the figure had remained motionless and silent, until near its close: when suddenly a change, fearful to behold, seemed to convulse every feature with the pangs of acute agony. The ghastly, livid hue of mortal sickness chased the semblance of mortal life from the visage of the mysterious visitor, as retreating with faltering step, it disappeared behind the hangings veiling the door of entrance. Presently, a cry—a thrilling, agonised shriek, rang through the spacious building, despairing and terrific as that of the evil one, banished the glory of God's paradise, at the day of doom. A change seemed meanwhile to have been also wrought in Abou-Cazem. A pleasing languor had usurped his recent sufferings; and that sweet overpowering slumber—that wrapt unconsciousness, to which the weary abandon themselves, without the power or inclination to resist; seemed to be his blissful portion. All now was again silent; and the placid smile, lightening the wan cheek of Abou-Cazem, seemed to proclaim his being already in that beatific rest, proved by many but a transit unto glorious life, although the weakness of human nature is still fain to mourn the change, and call it—*death*. And was it indeed death that now sealed thine eyes, oh! worthy Abou-Cazem?

The morning had far advanced. Nature still smiled triumphant in her matchless rose-garden of the glowing east—the far-famed city of Damascus;* and beauty and blessing, yet mingled with the one desolating judgment, within its walls. A light air stole softly through the open lattice; and a flood of radiance from without sported with the dancing shadows that flitted across the marble paved work beneath. Abou-Cazem was still extended upon the couch of his last night's suffering; but suffering, it should seem, no longer. Yet that he was still in life was evident, for he yet breathed; and while his aspect was that of tranquil repose, his features displayed the hue of returning health. But the light of morning now disclosed another occupant of the apartment, in the person of a young man of mild and engaging exterior, who was regarding the sleeper with anxiety and peculiar interest. His countenance might indeed justly have been termed beautiful, for it expressed the "beauty of holiness;" while his eyes (so gracefully and aptly designated in Oriental metaphors, the "windows of the soul,") beamed forth a spirit at peace with itself, and all the world. His garb was European, and his complexion, as also a few words of pious thanksgiving

* Damascus is encompassed with gardens for more than thirty miles about, which are well planted with fruit and flowers of all kinds, and ever fresh and green, being watered by several branches of the river Barrady.—*Millar*, p. 140.

breathed over the object of his solicitude, proclaimed him of the British isle, on a mission of those "glad tidings" that are as a "great light" unto the "people walking in darkness." Abou-Cazem, at length awakening from his profound repose, gazed for a while in strange bewilderment around him, and contemplating familiar objects, as though doubting their identity and his own.

"Holy Prophet!" he faintly murmured. "All I behold around me seemeth even as my dwelling of earth; yet is my soul surely in the seventh heaven of true believers."

"How now, worthy Abou-Cazem? how fares it, noble Emir?" said the mild voice of the stranger, as he approached.

"Cease, cease, whoe'er thou art," replied the still bewildered Abou-Cazem.

"Last night was I stricken by the judgment. As the eleventh of my house was I summoned hence; and the prediction has been fulfilled."

"The prediction has indeed been fulfilled," replied the young man, "yet art thou still an inhabitant of earth, Abou-Cazem."

"Who art thou?" exclaimed the astonished Emir, "that with the garb and aspect of a far-off land, speakest words of comfort in my native tongue, and knowest my name and history, while to me thou art an utter stranger?"

"Worthy Abou-Cazem," said the youth, "well do I know thy name; and, by an extraordinary succession of events, the particulars of thy bygone history. Thou had'st a brother—"

"I had," interrupted the Emir. "Source of much anguish has he been to me, young man. Fourteen years have passed since I beheld him dead at my feet. In his life he did me cruel wrong; but last night, as stricken by the deadly judgment of the land, methought he was permitted to return to earth, that I might revoke the sinful words of human frailty. Praise be to Allah! merciful as wondrous was the vision—"

"It was *no* vision," exclaimed the youthful stranger; "it was *himself*!"

"Amazement!" exclaimed the Emir. "How knowest thou this? Whence art thou? and what is thy name?"

"Listen, noble Emir," replied the stranger, "for my speech will be fraught with thy dearest interests; and will prepare thy cup of joy to overflowing. My name is Ernest Goodwin. I am the son of a faithful and zealous missionary, from the land of Britain, whose example it has ever been my glory to imitate. I am one of a small band of pious brethren, that but yesterday arrived in Damascus. Aware of its awful visitation, we were all fortified by antidotes; and yet more by a trust far surpassing human precaution, the blessing that sanctifies righteous endeavours, and the glory of our cause. We sojourned at a small khan without the city, appropriated to strangers. My humble apartment was separated by only a slight curtain from the one adjacent; which was occupied by two persons, who I had conjectured to be pilgrims. My long acquaintance with the native tongue soon undeceived me; particularly, as believing themselves to be unheard, they dropped their assumed characters, and conversed without reserve. By this I discovered them to be robbers of the most daring and practised description; that their object was to avail themselves of the consternation throughout the afflicted city by plunder; and should circumstance demand, unhesitating murder. One of them, addressed by his comrade as *Yuseph*, referred to some events of his past life. He spoke of a brother, the object of his hatred, and meditated vengeance. 'Twas then, noble Abou-Cazem, that first I heard thee named; he spoke, too, of a child he had torn from thee in years past. Nay, worthy Emir, yet hear me further. He related a strange mysterious prediction attending thy birth; how he once lay desperately wounded at thy feet, and was persuaded that thou didst believe him to be dead; and then he went on to describe how a straggler of his own wandering band discovered and bore him away; that he skilfully tended his wounds, and ultimately succeeded in restoring him to health; but not, as it appeared, to repentance and rectitude; for he proceeded to detail his intention of surprising thee in thy costly dwelling, having heard that thou wert alone, and therefore undefended: this (impelled by an

interest combining with humanity, which thou wilt presently understand) I resolved, if possible, to defeat; by following, and placing myself in readiness to arrest the fratricide's unnatural blow. But mark you, Abou-Cazem, how a higher power than mortal directed all. Thou, fulfilling the pious wish of thy repentant heart, didst escape the danger hovering around thee; while *he*, thy elder brother, became the *eleventh* in thy house, to fulfil the prediction, ere he could perpetrate his crime, and now lies a blackened corpse of the pestilence, behind yonder tapestry."

"God is great! God is great!" exclaimed the Emir, as reverentially he prostrated himself in the direction of the holy city. After a short silence, the youth resumed.

"Worthy Moslem," said he, "listen yet again. Listen to learn how, that as in life we are in death, so, while surrounded by the tumultuous waves of a troubled ocean, there is a power still surely, though slowly, directing the hidden current of all things. It is now about fourteen years, since I, then a boy of scarce ten, was permitted to accompany my honoured father when he quitted his native shores, on a mission of the Divine Word to foreign lands. The course of the pious brethren was Asia; and we at last found ourselves in the vicinity of this celebrated city of Damascus. The places of our occasional sojourn were of course varied; and I well remember our little party being driven by the idolators of the land, to the lonely arid desert, rejoicing, 'as they shook the dust from their feet,' that they yet bore away with them, that 'peace which the world cannot give,' or take away. We had not journeyed many days, when the welcome sight of verdure and of water, greeted our weary senses. The former appeared to have been recently trampled, as if in some conflict; and as one of our party bowed to the refreshing spring, a wail near him, as of human suffering, caused him to quickly raise his head, and awaken the attention of the rest. All listened attentively to hear the cry of a *child* at no great distance. Nay, worthy Abou-Cazem, calm thyself; yet are thy hopes and anticipations just. I proceed. The little sufferer was, to the general joy, soon discovered in an adjacent thicket—a lovely female infant of apparently three years of age. Her garments were rent and disordered; her face bleeding, and tears streaming from her large dark eyes, that regarded our little band with mingled terror and supplication; while from this amulet around her neck—"

"My child! My little lost Zellida!" gasped forth the agitated Emir.

"Such," continued the youth, "was the name, that, with the exception of 'father, mother, nurse,' was all her infant lips could utter. It was my father who bore her in his arms, necessitated as we then were to seek our safety in flight. We were fortunate in gaining a port from whence a vessel was bound for a more friendly shore, and in which we hastened to embark with our precious charge; for thou must perceive, noble Emir, that our position, fraught with peril, involved her safety with our own. Thy Zellida has been brought up in our own land, the child of our affections; and but that the duties of our mission still summoned us to other shores, we had long ere this complied with her filial wish and our own sense of justice, in restoring her to the land of her birth."

"And my little Zellida lives?" exclaimed Abou-Cazem, rapturously. "My pretty blossom hath unfolded in fair womanhood?"

"Thy daughter lives," replied the young missionary; "is beautiful, is also virtuous, and therefore happy. Her beauty is as the opening rose guarded by the myrtle, in the unfading loveliness of her mind. Her heart is guileless, her principles pure and firm; the hope of her young life as the summer bird that skims the passing stream, still winged for its bright resting-place of perpetual sunshine. Thus thinking, thus feeling, she is ever cheerful, ever happy; and even in light-hearted youth has learned to look upon this brief term but as a passage to that better life obtained through the *ONE* all-redeeming sacrifice. Worthy Moslem—thy daughter *is a Christian*."

Abou-Cazem started at this intimation; and a pause ensued.

"Well, well," he at length murmured, "of this I may not speak. My child is restored to me, my child is well and happy. But thou, youth, thus dwelling to look upon my fair daughter, methinks I read thy glance aright; thou lovest her beyond a brother's love—say, is it not so?"

"I meant not to deceive thee, noble Abou-Cazem," replied the young man, with downcast eyes, "truly do I love thy fair and virtuous daughter."

"And thou hast told her so, young Christian?"

"No, Moslem, no," exclaimed the missionary, with sudden earnestness; "never would I dare to steal her young affections unsanctioned—unsanctified by a parent's blessing."

Tears rushed to the eyes of good Abou-Cazem.

"Youth," he at length faltered, "thou art a noble example of thy creed. Yet the impulse of passion—"

"Passion," observed the missionary, "seeks its own gratification. I love Zellida, and seek only her happiness. I have never addressed her, but as a loving brother; and should'st thou withhold thy sanction, as such will I remain. As such would she wish me to remain: of this I feel assured; and my love is still further purified thereby."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Abou-Cazem. "Oh! wonderful is it, when the young heart can thus submit to the reasoning of its higher nature. Christian, I will think of this. But where, then, is my long-lost treasure?—and when will the little bud of former days gladden these eyes, in its expanded beauty?"

"Noble Abou-Cazem," said the missionary, "again do I implore thee to be calm. When we resolved upon directing our course thither, the interests of our dear Zellida were the general object; and she has, therefore, accompanied us, under the kind conduct of some pious matrons of our mission. Furthermore, when the events of yesterday informed me of all, and I planned following the steps of him who meditated thy destruction, relying upon the fortitude of Zellida's well disciplined mind, I was fain to yield to her importunity to be also present, and—"

"How," interrupted the Emir, "and is my darling so near?"

"Father! father!" suddenly exclaimed a sweet youthful voice, as a slight female figure advancing, with agitated steps, from an inner apartment, fell at the feet of Abou-Cazem. The closely-enveloping *chadre*, or Turkish veil, was lifted by a small fair hand, disclosing the dark fringed eyes, the bow-shaped brows, and soft rose-tinted olive hue of eastern beauty.

"I am Zellida!" was all she uttered. The rest was lost in sobs of joy, as her head reposed upon the shoulder of her new-found parent.

"God is great! God is great!" was again the exclamation of the worthy Moslem, when excess of emotion permitted speech. "And thou, youth," he added, turning to the sympathising missionary—"thou who so nobly and disinterestedly hast restored to me my long-lost daughter, thou lovest her; to me thou hast confessed. As for thee, my child—but I need ask no more: thy confusion—that ingenuous blush—daughter, even among our Prophet's true believers, thou couldst not find a nobler heart. Christian, Zellida is already of thy faith—then take her; she is thine. Behold I have said it." And again the pious Moslem prostrated himself in thanksgiving, ever acceptable to Him, the everywhere present when the creed's outward form, is the manifestation of the inward grace.

"My son," said Abou-Cazem, as he arose, "know that I walk not with those of my faith, who are bigotted to the doctrine of *Kismet*.—Fate, I am of the *Matazalites*,* and believe that the God of creation hath predestined all His creatures to be happy."

"Through the mediation of One alone," replied the missionary, "and that one His Beloved Son; and that Son, God in *spirit*; in *nature* man; the nature taken upon him, 'to save that which was lost'—the whole human race. According

* Although the doctrine of predestination is, as is well known, a principal feature in the Mahometan creed, there are some who differ on this point, as (they allege) destroying man's free agency. Of these are the *Matazalites*. For a particular account of this sect, see "Millar," p. 118.

to the doctrine of predestination, what availeth prayer? more awful yet, what availeth repentance? Man was *permitted* to fall,* that his weakness might plead his claim for mercy in the end. It is the *tempter*† that is predestined to eternal punishment, his *nature* being eternal; but man's probationary state of *time* and *change* admits *hope* to the very last, that he may 'work while there is light, for the night cometh when no man can work.'

"Yet," said Abou-Cazem, thoughtfully, "we prove that predictions, as regarding *this* life, are often verified."

"They are so," replied the Missionary. "But," added he, with pious fervour, "the arm of divine *Providence* still riseth gloriously above all!"

The singular circumstance forming the subject of the above sketch, was detailed as a fact, in the public prints of some years ago, something to the following effect:—

At the time of the plague in some city of Asiatic Turkey, a certain merchant, the number of whose household, including himself, amounted to eleven; on their having all been carried off by the visitation, found himself remaining as the eleventh in the house. Thus situated, he prepared for his approaching fate, in accordance with a prediction of his nativity, that "he must *beware the eleventh!*" Nevertheless, the following morning found the merchant still alive, and in health; but a robber who, tempted by the calamitous state of affairs, had entered the undefended house, was discovered a corpse at the entrance of the apartment, a victim of the pestilence. Thus it should seem, fulfilling the prediction, as the *eleventh*, in the house, while the merchant escaped.

THE SPIRITS INVOCATION.

Wilt thou come with me
O'er the dark blue sea,
And happy and loved thou shalt ever be?
To my starlit home,
Say, say, wilt thou roam?
For I love thee so fondly—Oh! come, love, come!

Ah! why wilt thou cling
To the fragile thing
Whose love but a transient bliss can bring?
As a sun-chased shower—
A fading flower,
She may pass from thy arms in one short hour.

Come! we'll ride at night,
O'er the billows white,
Where the weeping moon sheds her saddened light;
And I'll steal from the stream
Each wave-kissed gleam,
To weave thee a robe of its silvery beam.

Come, my spirit sighs
For thy love-lit eyes,
To fling back the light of the laughing skies:
But the mournful wail
Of the perfumed gale
Brings an echo alone to my love-fraught tale.

* For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope.—Rom. chap. viii., v. 29.

† "... there met Him two possessed with devils . . . and they cried out, 'what have we to do with Thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art Thou come hither to torment us *before the time?*'"—Matt. chap. viii., v. 28, 29.

PAUL PEVENSEY; OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAPTER XXV.—PAUL SUSPECTED OF PLAYING PAUL PRY.

Persons who have suddenly found themselves in grievous perils, will be able to enter into Paul's feelings, when, after having several times crept out to reconnoitre, he still observed the colliers at their post. The condemned criminal who the night before his execution has been carried back in dreams to his days of innocence, and felt his head resting on his mother's lap, scarcely wakes with more horror to face the dread realities of the coming day, than did our little hero in this conjuncture. Overwhelming weariness from time to time plunged him in sleep—not sweet and balmy, such as he used to enjoy in Mr. Wilkinson's caravan, but troubled, broken, and ghastly, as if tasted in company with the nightmare; but ever and anon he would start from it with palpitating heart and sensations of the keenest alarm.

At length, going forth once more to reconnoitre as the dawn began to break, and casting a cautious and scrutinising glance around, he could discover no trace of the enemy. Trusting they had retired altogether, he experienced a strong impulse of joy, and yielded up his whole heart to the cheerful effect of light. There is something wonderfully absorbing in a summer's dawn. The earth seems to rise from the bed of darkness like a joyous bride, and puts on her attire and ornaments one by one in the face of heaven; while a breeze, sweeter and more soothing than incense, breathes around her, elating and intoxicating the senses; and nowhere is this delight more sensibly felt than in England. I have witnessed the fiery dawn of the tropics, where the sun, bursting up impatiently from behind some mountain or the ocean, inundates the whole face of nature at once with his bright and glaring refulgence. I have also watched in the southern portions of our own zone the rapid birth of the morning, but have nowhere observed that modest mingling of light and obscurity, that delicious tempering of the cool of night by the day's earliest beams, that gentle and slow diffusion of warmth which begets vapours, and calls them up from fen and lake to diversify the aspect of our universal mother.—I say I have nowhere witnessed this so completely as in England. Much of the beauty our country possesses we may impart to it because it is ours; but the veriest stoic, take him from what realm you please, would be smitten with admiration, and feel his pulse quickened, as he gazes on the loveliness of a summer morning in England.

Paul, however, was not a stoic. Forgetting the colliers and everything else, he descended from the windmill, and walking out upon the heath, from which the delicate perfume of heather and wild flowers spontaneously exhaled, he muttered to himself, "This is nation pleasant." We always associate agreeable and beautiful objects with those we love, and on this occasion the exquisite face of Kate Pevensey, the gentle and friendly looks of Mrs. Wilkinson, and the playful and sportive figure of little Fanny swept in a sort of magic dance over his fancy. His heart was full, and his eyes were considerably moister than usual. He already thought himself on the threshold of his mother's cottage, and in the enjoyment of that tenderest of all pleasures, a mother's embrace, which we seldom know how to value till it has gone from us for ever. Paul was what is vulgarly called a rough customer, but he had, for all that, a heart in his breast which soon vibrated wildly as he drew near home. But he was not destined long to enjoy this luxury of pleasant thoughts; his exit from the windmill had been observed, and he had proceeded but a little way in what he supposed to be the direction of Ulraven, when several men rising from amid the furze-bushes and heather, rushed upon and seized him with an extraordinary superfluity of

* Continued from Vol. II., page 335.

oaths and imprecations. Every opprobrious epithet in the language was applied to him at once—he was called a little rascal, a little scoundrel, a little villain, a little traitor; and was threatened with instant death by being cast headlong into some coal-pit.

Paul stood perfectly aghast. The ruffians into whose hands he had fallen looked more like fiends than men, their begrimed countenances being distorted by rage, and their eyes flashing fire as they spoke. Without at all understanding why they abused him, he protested he had done no harm; they, however, would not hear him; and one of them, more brutal than the rest, struck him a blow in the mouth, which in a moment filled it with blood. Even this, however, did not silence the poor boy, who, remembering what he had last night heard in the windmill, expected they were now going to murder him; he began, therefore, to cry bitterly, and begged of them to spare his life, but they said he was a spy sent by the magistrates to watch their movements, and dragged him away with the intention of putting him immediately to death. They, however, first wished to discover who had sent him, and as they could not frame a set of proper questions themselves, they thought it would be best to devolve this duty upon their leader.

But where was he? They would, of course, condescend to explain nothing to Paul, but forced him along, sometimes by dragging, at other times by kicks, till they reached a long, low, slated building, looking the very picture of dreariness and discomfort, situated in a narrow ravine lying considerably beneath the general level of the moor. It was a miserable beer-shop, where the more dissipated and blackguard of the colliers spent their Sundays and all their idle hours during the week. Nothing can possibly look more comfortable than a place of vulgar debauchery by the day. At night, the lights, the bustle, the excitement caused by drinking, the satisfied looks of the landlord and his satellites, the forced and unnatural merriment of his customers, impart to the rural pot-house an air of joviality, which, to the coarse and uneducated, may wear the aspect of enjoyment. But the very house itself seems to share in the morning the shabbiness, palor, and headach of the drunkards that frequent it. The rooms appear ashamed of the light of the sun; so that the shutters are often left half closed, that the in-dwellers may move to and fro in congenial obscurity.

Paul's fears when he was pushed into the alehouse were much too great to allow him to observe anything; and yet the dismal air of the place produced its full effect upon his mind. It seemed more hideous than a thousand gaols. In a corner of the naked parlour, occupying a broken arm-chair, was a man whom Paul soon recognised as the speaker of the preceding night. He looked more than half asleep, and his drowsiness only rendered him the more ferocious in feeling and aspect. As the ruffians, with Paul, burst into the room, he sharply raised his head from his breast, on which his chin had been comfortably reposing, and eyeing the whole group with a supercilious look, said—

"What the devil have you brought here?"

"A spy," was the answer.

"How do you know that?"

"We caught him a getting out of the windmill."

"Oh, indeed, and what have you," he said, turning to Paul, "to say for yourself, you little blackguard. Who sent you amongst us?"

"Nobody, sir," replied Paul.

"Then what business had you there?"

"I lost my way, sir, and crawled into the old mill to sleep."

"And why did not you crawl in here?"

"Because I did not know there was no such place, sir."

"What, couldnt you see?"

"No, sir; it was too dark."

"And where were you going?"

"To Ulraven."

"For what purpose?"

"To see my mother."

"What's her name?"

"Kate Pevensey."

"Oh! oh! so you are the little rascal that brought about the accident in the shelving pit, are you?"

"Yes," replied Paul, with increasing terror and alarm.

"Well, you've put your foot into it, I can tell you; for if we don't hang you as a spy, the masters will hang you for having injured their property and killed their slaves."

Paul shuddered, and grew, if possible, a shade or two paler than before, but answered only with a low groan.

"And where have you come from now?" returned his interrogator.

Paul mentioned the name of the place where he had lost sight of the Wilkinsons.

A grim smile passed over the man's face as he continued.

"And didn't you travel north in company with a rascally Irishman?"

"He was a very good man, sir."

"Oh, he was, was he? I suppose you think so because he gave you something to drink on the way?"

"Yes, and something to eat too, sir."

"Which he stole, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, sir; Mr. Maguire was very honest."

"Mr. be d—d; he was a bog-trotting Paddy. Don't Mr. me such fellows. Didn't you hear something in a public-house, about a rising in the north, where there was a parcel of pot-bellied farmers puzzling their thick heads over pots of beer?"

"Yes, sir; and Mr. Maguire said as how he should like to join the fighting."

"Oh, devil doubt him. He'd like it that he might have the chance of knocking some Saxon on the head; but come now, as you see I know all about you, tell me how the magistrates came to send you here as a spy."

"Indeed, sir, I don't know no magistrate, sir; and nobody sent me, sir. After Mr. Maguire parted from me on the road, and gave me a shilling to buy something to eat, I began to think about my mother, sir—and lost my road, and could'n't find no place else to sleep, sir; so I got into the windmill, and was wakened at night by a very great noise, sir—and was so frightened I could not sleep a wink the rest of the night, sir; and that's the whole truth."

"Well," answered the man, "I happen to know that is the whole truth, and so we shan't do you any harm. But you must stay with us for many reasons. First the magistrates would hang you if they could catch you, and next you might let your tongue go, and get some of us hanged, so you must stay with us, I say, till this business is over. After which you had better make the best of your way towards the south."

To this Paul said nothing, but in great despair looked about the room, where there were several hungry-looking tables and chairs strewn with fragments of tobacco pipes and tobacco dust, and with the marks of quart and pint pots half dried upon them. In one or two cases, the pots themselves were there, but carefully emptied. His captors, who were probably no ways sorry at not having to hang Paul or throw him down a coal-pit, now suffered their attention to revert to themselves, and called for a quantity of purl, a favourite morning drink with colliers. Blackguards are not always destitute of feeling, and the very ruffian who had struck Paul in the mouth now bade him sit down, and pushing his pot towards him, cried:—

"Drink, my hearty; I'm sorry I pitched into you on the heath, but it was all a mistake, d'ye see?"

Paul accepted the *amende honourable*, drank a little of the purl; and then, with the careless indifference natural to boys, inquired if he couldn't get anything to eat, "because he was nation hungry."

"Ring the bell, and they will bring you something," was the answer.

Paul did so; and having got and eaten a quantity of bread and cheese, felt in better spirits, and drawing close up into a corner and leaning his head against the wall, soon, in spite of the noise, fell fast asleep.

In this country, conspirators eat as well as other people—and they are quite right—great excitement and exertion require adequate supplies to keep up the steam; and as the ancients maintained—with their usual respect for nature—that even the fervour of love itself could not be kept up without victuals, so we may boldly, after their example, affirm that men can't fight, conspire, or commit crimes without a proper supply of beefsteaks and beer. To be hungry is generally to be gloomy and pusillanimous. Heroism is a quality of the stomach, and it is wonderful to observe how much buffeting about our delicate microcosm can endure when it has been properly replenished and saturated with succulent animal and vegetable juices. Set a hungry man about anything and he will almost infallibly break down. In fact, it is a well-known axiom in natural philosophy that none but Scotchmen can fight before breakfast. Your true man from the north of the Tweed is used to short commons, and can put up with them; but he is a sort of solecism in the animal economy of the world, and we believe has no parallel, except occasionally among the New Zealanders, who keep their appetites for their enemies, that they may be able to eat up their day's work after they have finished it.

About eight o'clock Paul was roused from his nap by preparations for breakfast. Mutton chops and beefsteaks hissing hot from the gridiron made their appearance on every table, with lots of bread and foaming tankards of ale; and as plenty often renders men hospitable, the colliers were not unwilling to let their little prisoner share their grub. They put a nice chop before him, therefore, and bade him fall-to, which he did nothing loth, and when he had finished his task and washed it down with a little ale, he began to think his companions rather fine fellows on the whole. To be sure, they were going to kill somebody, but as he was clearly not the person he felt a considerable weight removed from his mind. He did not say so to himself, perhaps, but he probably felt that it would be much better for them to kill anybody else than him, especially as there was little chance of their victim being anybody he knew.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE DAGGER AND THE LAW.

In the court-house of a neighbouring town several magistrates were sitting on the bench, examining certain witnesses, some of whom denied, while others deposed to the guilt of an accused person, who belonged to the class of colliers, and had been implicated in the first excesses of the great strike which was now agitating the whole north of England. Say what we will, there is a natural and almost necessary antipathy between the voluntary functionary of the law and the poor. The humbler classes don't feel or believe that the laws were made for them; on the contrary, they are fully persuaded that they are their greatest enemies, save always and except those who administer them. No doubt this is an anomalous state of things—no doubt it is deeply to be regretted that the laws should not command universal veneration; but I am stating facts, without undertaking to account for them, and I know that, throughout the millions who inhabit this country, the opinion is deeply implanted that our laws were fabricated by the oligarchy exclusively for their own benefit. If this be an error, which I am not prepared to admit, it is only to be eradicated by a long course of beneficence and justice on the part of the governing classes; and upon this course they do not as yet seem disposed to enter. The day of reform may be coming, but it is not yet come; and in the meantime magistrates are regarded with no respectful or friendly feelings in any part of this empire.

Had a stranger stepped into the court-house above mentioned, he would have become immediately conscious that an unpleasant feeling pervaded it. The magistrates, seated aloft on their crimson cushions, with their jolly port-wine

faces, dashed with an air of rustic aristocracy, chatted with each other, apparently much after their usual fashion; though they were not altogether without uneasiness, both on account of the state of things out of doors, and of the character of the crowd which filled the court, and assumed every moment a more and more threatening aspect. The few officials present, though they displayed much of their habitual reliance on the law, could not but be aware that the whole country was in a ferment, and that, in the natural course of things, all the mal-contents hated them. Every now and then fresh numbers were added to the colliers who stood or sat listening to the accusation of their comrade. At first they expressed their disapprobation by low murmurs, which the magistrates thought it best not to notice; but at length, as one witness proceeded with his deposition, several voices exclaimed at once—

“Thee art a liar, and hadst better mind thyself.”

At this the presiding magistrate stopped the proceedings, and said that if any such indecent interruptions were again attempted he should be obliged to clear the court. At first that intuitive respect for authority, which is stronger, perhaps, in this country than anywhere else in the world, and may be said to supply the best possible proof of the sterling worth of our institutions on the whole, restrained the insolence of the audience; they relapsed into silence, and the examination of the culprit proceeded. Indignation, however, in the breast of the populace, like a storm, acquires strength by its own continuance. The interruptions became louder and more frequent, and the threats of the men in authority more emphatic. But the colliers, seeing that they had nothing to dread but threats, there being as yet no military in the place, by degrees assumed a different tone, and vociferated, all at once, to the magistrates, that if they did not act with more respect for justice and more consideration for the humble and oppressed, they would drag them from their seats and pitch them to a fiery locality familiar to those who go down into the pit.

It is a rare thing indeed in this country to behold the poor brought into direct collision with the rich; though everything, perhaps, indicates the tendencies of society to move in that direction. The frame and out-works of our oligarchy are so ancient, and rendered so venerable by habit, that it is a sort of secret article of faith, even with the most incensed and disaffected among the poor, that there exists some element of greatness in the aristocracy and gentry of the country, against which it is a sort of sin to lift a hand. This sentiment has been weakened much of late, but it is not yet eradicated; and at the time of which I speak it was exceedingly prevalent and powerful. But when the passions of a large class have been roused, they speedily silence their habitual scruples. During their whole lives, perhaps, the colliers now assembled in the court-house had scarcely dared to look a magistrate in the face; they now, however, confident in their numbers, not only ventured to bandy words with them, but actually leaped over the seats, filled the space appropriated to witnesses and culprits, and, climbing into the *sanctum sanctorum* of justice before the men of authority could effect their escape, took up their station between them and the doors, and shouted, with the most horrible oaths and imprecations, that if they did not proceed in a proper way with the examination of the man before them, not one of them should escape alive out of that place. Magistrates and country gentlemen are often deficient in enlarged views of politics and human nature, but seldom in courage; and on the present occasion they displayed no lack of it; they stayed the proceedings at once, and one of them standing before the rest, set the whole rabble at defiance, saying they might take his life, but should never terrify him into doing anything inconsistent with his honour. He was a fine hale country squire, about three-score years of age, with a comely countenance shaded by white hair, and a muscular figure which promised to hold out a tough contest with time. He had scarcely uttered the last word, however, before a man with a mask on his face shot up from amid the crowd, stood in front of the magistrates' seat, and drawing from his sleeve a small glittering dagger, plunged it into the speaker's heart. His spouting blood fell upon the assassin, who sunk again

amid the crowd and disappeared. Two or three of the gentlemen, regardless of their own safety, leaped from the bench, in the hope of securing the murderer, but though no obstruction was offered to their progress, their efforts were unavailing. Returning to their friend, they found him in his last agonies, unable to speak, although conscious of his impending fate. In a few minutes he was a corpse, and the court-house nearly empty; the rabble had taken to flight, together with nearly all the limbs of the law and their satellites.

I have related this circumstance exactly as it occurred, without any of that pomp and solemnity which are usually made in narratives of this kind to attend upon the violent extinction of life. But except the single act of blood, there was nothing tragic in the whole affair. It was a vulgar, coarse, unromantic crime, inspired by no great revenge, and perpetrated for no great end. The colliers, goaded almost to madness by their hardships and privations, and through their ignorance left entirely at the mercy of their worst passions, had determined amongst themselves to form a society of assassins, for the purpose of taking off all those, high or low, who might appear to stand in the way of what they regarded as the bettering of their condition. Nothing is easier than to sophisticate ignorant persons; having passed their whole lives in an atmosphere of prejudice, and been possessed by false notions of everything, it requires no great skill to give these false notions a systematic form, and impregnate them with the leaven of iniquity, because they who are slaves to the floating and fantastical opinions in vogue, no matter what station in society they occupy, have in reality no firm basis on which to place their virtue, if they possess any. Inherited dogmas and ideas do little towards strengthening the character, or purifying and elevating the heart. The man who is worth anything makes his own morality, which he builds not out of traditional maxims, but of fixed and everlasting principles, as extensive in their operation as the utmost range of the system of which he himself forms a part. But no amount of education that can be imparted to the humbler classes will ever, it is to be feared, enable them to do this. They must take their morality more or less on trust. Among the latter, however, at the time of which I am speaking, there was scarcely any morality at all—save of that rude and coarse kind which depends as much on fear of the laws as on the habits and practices of society. If they did certain things they knew or believed they should be hanged, and therefore in general they did not do them. If they did certain other things experience had taught them they should outrage that gross modification of public opinion which existed in their class, therefore they abstained from them. Further than this, they had no glimmering of ethics.

Few, perhaps, have remarked how difficult it is to produce any permanent conviction in the minds of the ignorant and vulgar, who contemplate everything external to themselves from a point of view so low, and through an atmosphere so dense and obscure, that they scarcely see anything in its true light. They who stand loftiest among us, and look at the intellectual and moral world through the most transparent medium, often arrive, nevertheless, at erroneous conclusions, because of the complexity of the subject, the multiplicity of relations, and the disturbing influences of passion and sentiment which occasionally warp the tendencies even of the brightest and noblest minds. In what worse than Egyptian darkness, therefore, must the poor and uneducated live. Necessity reconciles them to many acts in their nature objectionable or equivocal. Without being, perhaps, conscious of it, they are often guilty of meanness, of fraud, of dishonesty, and many other vices. Instinct teaches them to bestow soft and extenuating names on their delinquencies; while, on the other hand, being possessed by some share of the national unenlightened conscience, they attach notions of guilt and impropriety to actions altogether innocent in themselves. To communicate with them for the purpose of correcting their habits or notions becomes consequently an affair of extreme nicety, because you have not only to teach them, but to convince them also that they require teaching, and that in what you propose you have really their good at heart. It is among the chief

misfortunes of persons who have been much ill treated either by individuals or the world that they cannot easily be made to believe that any one feels for them or wishes them well, or would be at the pains to do anything for their sake. They attribute every appearance of friendship to a sinister motive, and imagine you affect to sympathise with them to answer some end of your own—in which they firmly believe, though they cannot discover it.

For these and many other reasons, the colliers have always remained immersed in moral darkness, which renders them easy to be misguided, but exceedingly impracticable when the object is to set them right. Nevertheless, when the magistrate had been assassinated, and they began to observe the effect which the crime produced, they felt greatly startled, especially as their ringleader hinted on the necessity of assassinating one or two of the witnesses who had been brought forward to substantiate the guilt of one of their number, accused of arson. The men that same evening were found dead in a lane, where they lay weltering in their blood; and no clue could at first be discovered, leading to the detection of the murderers.

Meanwhile the greater part of Northumberland, Durham, and several of the neighbouring counties was shaken by the effects of the strike. The colliers diligently collected arms, and meeting in immense numbers, drilled themselves at night upon the moors. The fear of the law appeared to have lost its efficacy. Even the presence of the military, who poured daily into the North, as into an enemy's country, with baggage, ammunition, and artillery, failed to produce the usual results. The movement went on increasing, and was strengthened by the persuasion, which nothing but stupendous ignorance could have generated, that it would be practicable for the working classes to seize upon the property of the wealthy and appropriate it to themselves. To give a colour to the proceeding, the leaders of the insurrection—for in reality it amounted to that—had continually in their mouths declamations on the subject of liberty; so that narrow-minded politicians among the oligarchy, or such as were interested in propagating a false belief, dexterously confounded the projects of these benighted and insane levellers with the tendencies of liberal opinions in general, and pretended that their partial outbreak was a natural and necessary consequence of the opinions propagated by liberal writers through the press.

But although this view of the matter was false, there still existed unquestionable causes of alarm. The insurgents had been taught, through no one knew what agency, to believe in the lawfulness of assassination. Secret societies meeting sometimes in remote and desolate places, as in the beer-shop and ruined windmill above described; sometimes in the ale-houses and crowded streets of the towns, drew up the muster-rolls of death, distributed daggers, and coolly inculcated the principle that to assassinate a rich man was to remove a public enemy—consequently, a virtuous rather than a vicious action. Still, to the credit of the educated classes be it spoken, there took place no instance of pusillanimous flight. The gentry firmly stood their ground—confronted the danger—reasoned, when opportunity offered, with their misguided neighbours; and sought to impress them with the belief that their past neglect and oppression ought rather to be attributed to the operation of general laws, acting alike on all classes, for the preservation of barbarism, than to any tyrannical propensities in the possessors of property. Even the murder of the magistrate, though reports of it spread like wild-fire, mixed up with innumerable exaggerations, produced no difference in their conduct. They seemed ready to brave the assassin's dagger, or any other form of peril to which the circumstances of the times might give birth, rather than ignobly abandon their posts, as persons have at various times done in other parts of the empire, where the consciousness of some deserving may possibly inspire more craven thoughts. An excited populace is terrible, but may often be successfully encountered by a frank and manly courage, upheld by the consciousness of rectitude—as was proved again and again by incidents which would all deserve to be narrated, were it my object to give here a complete history of the strike.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

By AUGUSTA M. HUTTMANN.

I've brought fresh flowers to deck thy lonely grave,
And shed their sweetness to the murmuring wind,
That sighs above thee, Mother! They'll flourish here,
In the green sod, upon thy gentle breast,
As thou didst in the summer of thy days.
But oh! when winter's chilling winds sweep by
They cannot brave the fury of the storm;
But passing in their loveliness away
They'll perish, e'en as thou. * * *
I love to kneel beside thee when the night
Doth spread its star-gemmed mantle o'er the earth—
When the last hum of busy life is hushed,
And all is still,—save the soft lullaby
Of the night-wind, so musical and low;
For mingled with its quaint wild music come
The voices of the dead that sleep around:
Mournfully sweet their long-lost murmurs fall
Upon my heart. But when my dreamy eyes
Are lifted upward, with the vain, wild hope
That those I loved on earth are hovering near,
All that their anxious gaze can rest upon
Are the stars, beaming in the far-off sky—
As if they mirrored those sweet eyes that made
The sunlight of our home—and the dark trees
That shadow thy still grave.
Mother, forgive me! Sorrow should not come
Where thou dost dwell. Yet I have brought it there,
For thou wilt pity me; so sad and lone—
So young in years—so very old in grief.
I ask no sympathy from human kind:
They know me not; but, Mother, wert thou here
The passionate love that burns within my breast
Would all gush forth on thee—within thy heart
I'd find a resting place; and with thy love
The deep pure joys of heaven would be mine. * * *
But this is idle, Mother! We *shall* meet
In the fair world where tears may never come;
I soon *shall* look upon thy angel face,
And hear the voice that was my music speak.
My days are numbered. When the snow-drops peep
From their white cov'ring, and the fresh green leaves
Put forth their beauty to the spring's warm breath,
I shall sleep with thee. It is young to die;
But not a sigh for earth, a wish for life,
Rises within me. Nothing that the world,
Rich though it be in beauty, can afford,
Can waken one regretful tear to dim
The rapture of that hour. There are none
Of those sweet ties it rends the heart to break
To bind me to the earth. One only prayer
Shall hover on my lips when death is there:
It is, that some kind hand will give to me
A grave beside thee, Mother.

A PAPER ON PANTOMIMES.

By MORRIS BARNETT.

PANTOMIMES are as natural to the Christmas holidays as plum pudding and mistletoe. We could almost as soon spare the former as the latter. The dark magician and the beneficent fairy are as necessary to perfect this peculiar season as snapdragon and the yule log. We confess our love for pantomimes and plum puddings. We have no especial affection for minced pies, they having somewhat of a foreign air about them, and lacking the good old English substantiality. Yet these be good things too, in their way, and may not be despised. We do not know whether we do not prefer the spicy elder wine and exciting rum-punch to the tawny wine of Oporto, and the golden grape of the far-famed Xeres. And so do we also prefer the rollicking Clown with his chalked visage, and the spangle-clad Colombine, to the long-sleeved Pierrot and pert *femme-de-chambre*, the "Columbine" of the Italian comedy. Pantomimes reach very far back—almost as far as the years beyond the flood. The old Greeks were great adepts in the science of human telegraphy; and as we are too late this month to reflect the high-ways and bye-ways of the instant new year's annuals in our "Theatrical Mirror," we shall take a backward glance, and gossip a little of the antiquity, the mediæval state, and modern improvements in this special amusement of the present season.

The genuine comic pantomime is a thing purely English—the tricks are of English invention—and indeed the entire arrangement is of unmistakable English growth. Nothing exactly like it is to be seen—or has been seen—in Europe, Africa, or Asia. No; we are proud to say that the Christmas comic pantomime is our own, and is as natural to Englishmen as grumbling, foggy weather, trial by jury, and the liberty of the press.

The MIMES, or Latin MIMI, was a name common to a certain species of dramatic poetry, to the authors who composed them, and the actors who played them. The word comes from the Greek *μιμῶμαι*, to imitate. We do not mean that the mimes were the only pieces which represented the actions of man, but that they imitated them in a more detailed and more expressive manner. Plutarch distinguishes two sorts of mimitic pieces: the one decent, of which the subject was as unobjectionable as was the style in which they were acted; and these approximated somewhat to our notion of comedy. The other was obscene and indecent—buffoonery and the grossest obscenity were their especial characteristics. Sophron, of Syracuse, who lived in the time of Xerxes, was the inventor of polite mimicry, to which he afterwards added moral lessons. Plato took great pleasure in reading the mimes of this author. But scarcely was the Greek stage formed ere it was deemed no longer imperative to amuse the people with farces, and with actors whose performances represented the vices in their most disgusting phases.

The mimes were also numerous amongst the Romans, and formed the fourth division amongst their comedies: the actors were distinguished by their imitation of the licentious manners of the times, as may be seen by the verse of Ovid:—

"Scribere si fas est imitationes turpie Mimos."

They performed without shoes or stockings. This gave rise to their being sometimes denominated as the unshod, instead as was usual amongst the other three divisions, wearing the embroidered sandal, as the tragedians did the cothurnus. The mimes had their heads shaved, as the modern Clown—their dresses were of different colours, as our Harlequins—this was called *panniculus cinctumculus*. They also appeared at times in magnificent habits, and robes of purple. But this was with the single object of raising the mirth of the commonalty, by the contrast of the senator's robe with the shaven crown and the

shoeless feet. To this were added the most licentious jests and all sort of ridiculous posturings. The loud applause which greeted the pieces of Plantus and Terence did not prevent the same people from witnessing with pleasure the farces of the mimes, when they were interspersed with strokes of wit, and performed with decency. Cicero, writing to Trebatius, who was in Britain with Cæsar, says—"If you absent yourself much longer without doing anything, I much fear that you will be assailed by the mimes of Laberius." Notwithstanding, Publius-Syrius bore away the applause from this author; who, in disgust, removed to Ponzoli, where he consoled himself in his disgrace, by the instability of mundane affairs, of which he gave a lesson to his successful competitor in the following verse:—

"Cecido ego: cadet qui sequitur; laus est publica."

There still remain of Publius Syrius, sentences so grave and so judicious, that it is difficult to believe that they are extracts from the pieces represented by the mimes.

Pantomime amongst the Romans consisted of actors who, by their movements, by signs, by gestures, and without the aid of speaking, expressed passions, characters, and events. The name of pantomime, which signifies to imitate anything, was performed by that species of comedians who acted every sort of piece without having recourse to language, but who supplied the "human speech divine" by means of gestures, whether natural or conventional. It may easily be perceived that pantomimes might avail themselves of one or the other, especially as they were not too affluent of means to make them clearly understood. Indeed many conventional gestures had arbitrary significations, and it required a certain knowledge of the theatre to attain a knowledge of their meaning. Those who were not initiated into the mysteries of these spectacles required an instructor to give the explanation. Habit taught others, by degrees, to guess this dumb language. Pantomimes, at the end, became understood by the received gesture, not only were the words taken in their literal, but also in their figurative sense. Entire poems were rendered by dumb show. We cannot undertake to fix a date for the origin of pantomimes. Zozimus, Suidas, and many others, report that they had birth in the time of Augustus, perhaps in consequence of the two most famous pantomimists, Pylades and Bathyllus, appearing in the reign of this prince, who was passionately addicted to this style of spectacle. We know that the dance of the Greeks had much action—but the Romans were the first who rendered, by the means of gesture, the sense of a regular plot of a certain extension. The mimic was never accompanied but by a single flute. Pylades added several instruments and singing—it was thus he interpreted regular plots. To the voices of the chorus, composed of vocal and instrumental music, he expressed the sense of every description of poem. He excelled in the tragic dance, or we should rather say, in every style of piece. Bathyllus, his pupil and rival, but equalled him in comic dances. The emulation was so great between these two actors, that Augustus, to whom they caused considerable embarrassment, thought it necessary to speak to Pylades, and to exhort him to live in amity with his fellow pantomimist, who enjoyed the especial patronage of Mæcenus. Pylades contented himself by answering "What better could happen to the Emperor than that the people should devote their attention to Pylades and Bathyllus?" It may be guessed that Augustus felt not inclined to reply to this remark. Indeed such was the taste for these sort of amusements that he alone could have dared to hear from the Roman people this idea of liberty, so dear to their ancestors.

We have cited as the two creators of the art of pantomimes, Pylades and Bathyllus, under the empire of Augustus. They have rendered their names illustrious in Roman history. It appears astonishing that the comedians who undertook to represent pieces only by action, could not avail themselves of the expression of the features in their declamations, as they acted in masks, as did the other comedians. The sole difference was, that their masks had not a gaping

mouth, as the masks of the ordinary comedians, and which were much more agreeable. Macrobius relates that Pylades was angry upon the occasion of his acting "Hercules Enraged;" that the audience deemed his gestures too exaggerated for the occasion; he indignantly threw off his mask, and said to them, "Madmen that ye are! Know ye not, that I represent one even more mad than yourselves!"

After the death of Augustus, pantomimes made further progress. Under Nero there was one who danced without vocal or instrumental music, the "Loves of Mars and Venus." Afterwards pantomime represented several persons in the same piece, and soon they arrived, as with us, by complete *troupes*, who represented equally every description of piece, either tragic or comic. As these consisted of mere gestures, it will be easily conceived that the actions were exciting and animated. Cassiodorus says that they had an eye at the end of each finger. These sort of comedians caused the most prodigious sensation on the spectators. Seneca confessed that his taste for pantomimes was a positive passion.

The Chinese we know "from the time that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," rejoiced in the existence of pantomimes. The dances of the Persians, are they not pantomimes? It is, however, certain, that at its birth, this art charmed the Romans; that they soon spread to the most distant provinces of the empire; and that they lasted until the fall of the empire. In the first years of the reign of Tiberius, the senate was necessitated to pass a law forbidding senators to be present at their exhibition, and that the Roman knights should not countenance them in public. "*Ne domos pantomimorum introiret, ne egredientes in publicum Equites, Romani cingerem.*" This decree sufficiently proves that the pantomime was cherished in this land of luxury, and that prejudice was useless when arrayed against pleasure. In the mean time the schools of Pylades and Bathyllus continued to exist, directed by their pupils, of whom the succession was uninterrupted. Rome was crowded with professors, who taught the art to a crowd of disciples, who turned every dwelling into a theatre. Not only did the women seek them for their amusement, but also from motives created by the most frenetic passions: "*Illis femine simulque viri, animus et corpora substituant,*" says Tertullian. It is true that pantomimes were driven from Rome by Tiberius, by Nero, and other emperors, but their exile was but of short duration—the policy which drove them forth soon recalled them to please the people, and to appease the factions more dangerous to the empire. Domitian forbade them—Nero recalled them, and Trajan again dispersed them. At length even the people themselves, outraged by the scandalous exhibitions, demanded their expulsion, but they soon demanded their recall with increased ardour. The Emperor Antoninus perceiving that pantomimes were the cause of the neglect of commerce, eloquence, and philosophy, wished to limit their performance to certain days, but the populace murmured, and he was obliged to consent to their constant performance, despite their gross and disgusting indecency. Rome was too wealthy, too powerful, and too deeply steeped in voluptuousness to become virtuous—and the pantomimic art, which was so brilliantly introduced under Augustus, only sunk amid the ruins of the empire.

Much of the effect of pantomime depends upon its machinery, and wonderful as is the mechanical ingenuity that has in our day been brought to bear upon these entertainments, the principle was perfectly understood and made available in the olden time. It has been wisely said, there is nothing new under the sun, and, accordingly, we find that the ancients used many sorts of machines in their theatres, to introduce at one side of the stage the gods of the woods and the fields, and at the other the divinities of the sea. They had also others in the skies for the celestial gods, and beneath the stage for ghosts, for the furies, and the infernal gods. Pollux (L. IV.), tells us that these were a species of traps, by which the actors were raised to the stage, and which instantly descended by the slacking of the forces which caused them to mount. These forces consisted, as in our theatres, of ropes, wheels, and counter weights. The ancients had three sorts—the descending trap—the other served for the descent of the gods,

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and the third to sustain in the air those who were supposed to fly. As the latter were somewhat like our wings, they were subject to the same accidents, for we read in Suetonius, that an actor, while performing the part of Icarus, fell near the spot where Nero was seated, and covered with blood the emperor and many of his suite.

Masks may be ranked amongst the foremost elements which impart peculiar delectation to the Christmas pantomime, and, like all other modern means and appliances, are of a far bye-gone invention. In the days of the Greeks and Romans, the mask was a species of helmet that completely covered the head, and which, besides the features of the face, represented the beard, the hair, the ears, and even the ornaments, which women employed in their coiffeur—at least so we learn from all the authors who have written on the subject, as Festus, Pollux, Aulus Gellius, &c. This is also the idea given to us by Phœdrus, in the well-known fable of "The Mask and the Fox":—

"Personam tragicam forte vulpes viderat," &c.

This is a fact which innumerable *bassi relievi* and engraved gems render indisputable.

Theatrical masks did not at once assume this completeness—it was attained by slow degrees. It was by merely daubing their faces that the first actors commenced their vocation, and it was in this manner that the pieces of Thespis were represented: "*quæ canerent agerent, peruncti fœcibus ora.*" They then thought of forming a species of mask with the leaves of a plant sometimes called *personata* amongst the Latins, as may be seen by the following passage of Pliny: *Quidam Arction personatum vocant, cujus folio nullum est latius.* When the dramatic poem was completed in all its parts, the necessity to represent different classes of persons, different ages, and different sexes, obliged the actors to seek some means to suddenly change the form of the face, and this necessity induced the use of masks; but we have no means of ascertaining to whom the invention is due. Suidas and Athenus give the honour to poet Hœrilus, the contemporary of Thespis; Horace, on the contrary, decides for Æschylus: *post hunc personæ pallaque repertor honestæ, Æschylus.* Yet Aristotle, who should be better instructed, tells us, in the fifth chapter of his Poetics, that they were ignorant in his time to whom the glory was due; but although we know not by whom this style of mask was invented, the names have been preserved of those who introduced a particular kind. Suidas, for instance, tells us that it was the poet Phrynicus who exhibited the first female mask upon the stage, and Neophronius of Sicione, that of the domestics to whom the ancients entrusted the care of their children, and whence comes to us the word "pedagogue." On the other side, we are assured, by Diomedes, that it was one Roscius Gallus who first wore a mask in the Roman theatre, to conceal a visual defect. Athenus informs us that Æschylus was the first who dared to introduce upon the stage drunken characters in his piece of Cabires; and that it was a player of Megaria, named Masonius, who invented the comic masks used by servants and cooks. We also read, in Pausanias, that it was Æschylus who first used hideous and monstrous masks in his piece of the Euminides, but it was Euripides who first decorated the heads of these furies with wreaths of serpents. The subject of these masks were not always the same, for it is certain that at first they were composed merely of the bark of trees, and we discover, by Pollux, that they were subsequently made of leather covered with stuff; but as their form became easily injured, wood was ultimately used for the purpose. These were executed by the sculptors after the ideas of the poets. Pollux distinguishes three sorts, the comic, the tragic, and the satiric. He gave to all a special intention, and imparted to them all the deformity of which their character was susceptible—exaggerated features, an air hideous or ridiculous, a large gaping mouth, always ready, as it were, to swallow the spectators. There may be added to these, three sorts of masks—those that were termed orchestreque, or the dancers. These latter, of which there

remain many specimens on antique monuments, had none of the defects to which we have adverted. "Nothing could be more agreeable than the masks of the dancers," says Lucian: they had not a wide mouth like the others—but their features were just and regular—their form was natural, and perfectly in harmony with the subject—these were frequently termed the Mute Mask. Independently of the masks of which we have spoken, there were three other styles, which Pollux has not distinguished, but which, notwithstanding, gave rise to other denominations, for, although these terms were afterwards used indifferently, to indicate every sort of mask, there is reason to believe that the Greeks were wont to design different sorts, for we find in their three styles of pieces, that the form and character answered strictly to the particular sense of each of these terms. The two others were less common—the one served to represent ghosts, the use of which was frequent in tragedy, and their appearance was not intended to produce any frightful sensations. The latter were made expressly to inspire terror, and represented only the most hideous faces, such as Gorgons and Furies. These different masks bore different names. It is probable that these names have not lost their original significations, though the masks had entirely changed their forms, in the time of the new comedy, for to that period the difference was exceedingly striking. But ultimately all the styles became confounded—the tragic and the comic masks differed but in size, and by greater or less uniformity, and it was only those of the dancers which preserved their first form. In general the form of the comic masks presented absurdities, and the tragic terror. The satirical masks, founded on the imagination of the poets, represented satyrs, fauns, the cyclops, and other fabulous monsters—each style of dramatic poetry had its distinctive features, by the aid of which the actor appeared conformable to the character he sustained.

It may not be uninteresting to examine in detail the advantages that resulted from the adoption of the mask by the ancients, and whether the inconveniences were so great as has been supposed. The theatrical people amongst the ancients were persuaded that a certain physiognomy was essential to the personage of a certain character, and that it was necessary that the design of the mask should be in strict keeping with the character represented. They placed after the definition of each personage, which it was the custom to place at the beginning of each piece, under the title of *Dramatis Persona*, a design of the mask to be worn. This instruction seemed to them to be all important. In reality, these masks not only represented the face, but the entire head, whether large, small, shaven, or covered with hair, or round or narrow—they covered the entire head of the actor, and appeared to be made as though they literally contained the brain.

We can easily justify what we have advanced by opening the ancient manuscript of Terence, which is in the Royal Library of France, as also the "Terence" of Madame Dacier. The use of masks hindered the public from observing the ravages of time on the features of the actors who might be acting the parts of the young lovers. Hyppolitus, Nestor, and Hercules would not appear on the stage but with a head instantly recognisable and distinguishable by their known characters. The face under which the actor presented himself was always well selected, and never did they see an actor delineating an honest man with the physiognomy of a confirmed scoundrel. The composers of declamation (it is Quintilian who speaks) when they place a piece upon the stage, knew how to make the mask available—even the pathetic was common. In tragedy, Niobe appeared with a countenance of grief, and Medea announced her character by her atrocious physiognomy. Strength and Pride were depicted on the mask of Hercules, while that of Ajax presented features which expressed distraction and fury. In comedy the masks of servants, slave merchants, and parasites; the lower classes, the soldier, the agent, the courtizan, and the female slave, had each their distinctive semblances. They could discern by the mask the austere from the indulgent old man—the young who were prudent from those who were debauched—the young maiden from the dignified woman. If the father, upon the interest of whom comedy principally rested,

was at one moment pleased and at another angry, one of the eye-brows of his mask would be knitted and the other smooth; and the greatest care was taken to exhibit to the spectator the side of his mask which the situation required. It may be conjectured that the actor, thus masked, turned sometimes to one side and sometime to the other, for the purpose of showing the side of his face which the sentiment expressed; above all, when acting scenes which required a change of action without changing his mask behind the scenes. For instance, if the father entered contented upon the stage, he presented the side of the mask on which the eyebrow was in its natural position, and when the feeling changed, he took care to present the side on which the eyebrow was knit, observing in every situation to always present the profile. There are gems extant which represent the double-faced mask, and many with the simple mask greatly diversified. Pollux, in speaking of the character-mask, says that of the old man who enacted the leading old man in the comedy should display vexation on the one side and serenity on the other. The same author also says, in speaking of the tragic masks, that they should be characterised; that the one worn by Thamiris, the famous hero celebrated by his courage and rashness, who was stricken blind by the Muses because he had contemned and dared their power, should have one eye blue and other black.

The masks of the ancients imparted a great air of truthfulness to those admirable pieces in which the plot grew out of an error, in which one actor was taken for another. The spectator, who was himself deceived in striving to discover the two actors, which the masks could render as similar as was desired, would easily conceive that the actors themselves might be mistaken. They gave themselves up to the illusion without difficulty—to the supposition upon which the incident of the drama was founded; instead of which the supposition amongst ourselves seems impossible. In Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors," and in the two pieces of Molière and Regnard, imitated from Plautus, we know, at the first glance, the men who have given rise to the mistake are two different persons.

How, then, can we suppose that the other actors, who see them even nearer than ourselves, should be mistaken? It is custom alone that reconciles us to this absence of all illusion. The ancient masks also afforded the power to men of enacting female characters, more especially when we reflect how vast were the theatres at Rome. The recital of Aulus Gellius of an adventure which happened to an actor named Polus, who played the character of Electra, sufficiently proves that, in the ancient distribution, female parts were enacted by men. Aulus Gellius relates that this Polus, acting at theatre at Athens the part of Electra, in the tragedy of Sophocles, entered on the stage carrying an urn, in which were deposited the real ashes of one of his children, who had but just died. It was in that portion of the piece where Electra believes that the urn contains the ashes of her brother Orestes. When Polus seemed touched, upon apostrophising the urn, the whole assemblage sympathised with his sorrow. Juvenal says, in his criticism of Nero, that there should be placed at the feet of the statue of the Emperor masks, thyrses, and the robe of Antigone, as trophies in honour of the memory of his great actions. This discourse manifestly supposes that Nero had taken the part of Eteocles or Polynices, in some tragedy. They introduced, so, by means of these masks, the people of every nation with their special physiognomies.

Julius Pollux, who wrote his work for the Emperor Commodus, assures us that in the ancient Greek comedy, that the actors imitated living citizens, the actors wearing portrait masks of the person represented in the piece. Socrates saw upon the stage at Athens an actor who wore a mask that resembled him, while Aristophanes introduced a personage under the proper name of Socrates in the comedy of "The Clouds."

The same Pollux gives a very curious detail of the different character of the masks, which were worn in comedies as well as tragedies. But on the other side they caused the spectators to lose the pleasure of seeing the expression of the pas-

sions, and of recognising them by the features of the actors. Every expression of an impassioned man affects us, and we are moved in a greater degree than where the passions are interpreted by means of action and the voice. Besides, the ancient actors could not render visible in their faces the symbols of the passions. It was rare that they quitted the mask, and there were many who never appeared upon the stage without them. We lose much, it is true, by our actors wearing rouge, which destroys the truthful effect which would be otherwise produced by the change of colour produced by the working of the various emotions, which in nature has a powerful effect upon the feelings. But the mask of the ancient actors still more concealed this than does the comparatively modern adoption of rouge. It may be conceded in favour of masks that they did not conceal the eyes of the actor, and that the eyes speak more intelligibly than any other feature. We must avow that the greater number of the passions, and more especially the tender, could not be so well expressed by a masked actor as by one whose face was visible. The latter may avail himself of all the means to express passion which the actor masked could employ, and cause us to behold much of which the other could not avail himself. The fact is, that it was impossible that the play of the features could have been distinctly seen by the spectators at so great a distance from the actor. The ancients derived an advantage from the concavity of their masks, which served to augment the sound of the voice; this we learn from Autris Gellius, who daily witnessed their performances. Those who acted tragedy covered their heads with masks of wood, and it was the opening which they had the means of managing which enabled the listeners to hear their declamations at so great a distance. While the masks served to convey the voice across so extended an arena, the spectators could have lost but little by not distinguishing the expression of the face, unless assisted by a Rosse's telescope. Though the expression was missed, still could they easily discern the age, and the other marked character of the mask. There is little question but the ancient masks were necessary to the ancient theatres. The Abbé Pachichelli has sought the origin and uses in his treatise *de Marcheris ceu Larvis*; and an erudite Italian, Ficoronus Franciscus, has gathered on the same subject most curious particulars in a later dissertation. But in spite of these literary and antiquarian researches, there is much yet that requires explanation on the subject of masks. Perhaps this would not have been the case, had we not lost the books that Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, Rufus, and many other writers of antiquity had written on the subject of theatres. Plabbius derives the word mask from *Masca*, which he says, properly signifies a sorcerer in the laws of the Lombards. In Dauphiny, in Savoy, and in Piedmont, they still continue to call sorcerers by this name, because they disguise themselves. Thus we call masks a false face, and hence our masquerades.

It is said that Harlequin owes his origin to a famous Italian comedian who arrived in France in the reign of Henry the Third. As he frequently visited the house of the President Harlai, who patronised him, his comrades called him in derision or through envy *Arlechino*. Originally he was the established wit of the Italian comedies; he enunciated *apropos* of the time; and spared neither the throne, the pulpit, nor the bar; but the public grew tired—time bereft him of his teeth, and policy of his tongue; and all that now remain to him are his patched suit, his mask, his Italian cap, and his lath. He trips and attitudinizes—leaps through walls—is shot out of cannons, and leads a wandering life. For two months in the year he rejoices in the genial warmth of the foot-lamps; then disappears; and is seen no more till the year has revolved upon its axis. He comes with the winter, and then is lost in the crowd of thirty-shilling-a-week histrions. And thus also with Columbine, who, from being the petted *soubrette* of Goldoni, and scores of Italian farce writers, has in her decadence been fain to exist on Christmas favours, during the run of the pantomime, and then is seen in the front line of the ballet, and is the foremost figure in the picturesque groupings.

Pantaloon belongs to the same Italian family, and derives his name from the

drawers formerly worn, to which were attached the stockings. His costume has somewhat changed in this respect, but the rest of his dress is still that which was worn at Venice. He is a servile dotard, who serves as the shuttlecock of Clown and Harlequin.

The rollicking fun of Clown seems to have departed with Delpini and Grimaldi—the thefts now-a-days are the prosiest of petty larcenies—and apart from the conventional “Here we are! How are yer?” and sundry tumbles and flip-flaps, and “Hot Codlins,” the true spirit has evaporated. Still we welcome them gleefully, for they bring back to us the bright moments of our “salad days,” when all was green, and though “Time has thinned our flowing hair,” Christmas would not be Christmas to us did we miss the annual advent of *THE NEW COMIC PANTOMIME*.

THE TEMPEST.

Along the sea, towards the lea,

A hoary mist is seen,
Like an airy shroud or snowy cloud,
O'erhanging the billows green.

'Tis the tempest's car; he comes from far—
He traverses earth and sea;
And where'er he hath his boisterous path,
He rides triumphantly.

Upon his throne of clouds, alone,
He sits like a monarch stern;
And spirits of air to him repair,
His mighty behests to learn.

The quivering trees resist the breeze,
But their struggling arms are torn;
The giant oak scarce bears the stroke,
But stands like one forlorn.

The leaves off rent like dust are sent,
Scattered sear and red;
They strew earth's face like a wither'd race,
And lie on the cold ground dead.

The high woods crack, like a world on the rack,
And the caves howl loud and wild;
The torrent wars as it beats the shores—
The tempest's favourite child.

Along the plain he extends his reign,
And ruleth with furious blast;
The streams of each river foam and quiver
Wherever his spirit hath passed.

Through tott'ring walls, or mould'ring halls,
Through castle and turret high;
Through cottage and shed, all lonely and dread,
He whistles and howleth by.

Through the lowly reeds he madly speeds,
And his voice sounds harsh and shrill;
He breaks the rest of the owl's nest,
When he travels uncurb'd at will.

From peasant to peer he worketh fear,
All tremble throughout the land;
Aghast and pale, their spirits quail,
To mark his boisterous hand.

O'er the murmur'ing deep the low winds creep,
They moan o'er the heaving wave;
And the waters roll like a troubled soul,
And tumble, and foam, and rave.

The scudding bark, on the billows dark,
Like lightning darts along;
For who shall stay His potent away,
When the tempest brews so strong?

The bending mast, by the giant blast
Like a willow-wand is rent,
With a fearful crack, on ocean's track
The ruins far are sent.

The storm with showers augments its powers,
Rude darkness lends its aid;
The clouds arise to hide the skies,
And nature's wrapp'd in shade.

The bright light streams with vivid gleams,
The thunder booms aloud;
The nations quake, and the wild rockshake,
At the tumult of the cloud.

The falling rains plough up the plains,
And rattle on moor and hill;
'Tis an awful sound as they beat the ground,
Or swell the mountain rill.

The lowing herd, the flutt'ring bird,
A sheltering covert seek;
But through their sheds, and round their heads,
The winds and torrents break.

Ah! who would be far out at sea,
Alone on the rolling deep,
When the whirlwinds ride on the yesty tide,
And the billows madly sweep?

Ah! who would be on hill or lea,
On barren heath or rock,
To grapple there with the powers of air,
Or meet the tempest's shock?

Ah! where is he, though brave he be,
Would greet the raging storm;
Nor feel aghast as the driving blast
Swept onward its awful form?

'Tis a fearful sway, by night or day,
The stormy tempest wilds;
Then praise we that power who in such
an hour
The wretched outcast shields.

LIFE ASSURANCE IN REFERENCE TO BUILDING SOCIETIES.

For the last ten or fifteen years a new feature of industry has arisen in this country, which has the noble object in view of enabling the poorer classes of the community to become independent householders, in some measure like their richer fellow members of humanity. A series of societies have been, and are still being formed in great numbers all over the country, under the name of *Building Societies*, for the purpose of affording to the working classes facilities for appropriating their savings to investment in the purchase of houses. The members principally consist—first, of parties called *investors*, or *non-borrowers*, who pay in their savings monthly, that they may at the end of a certain time (generally ten or fourteen years) receive back a large sum, representing the compound accumulations of those savings; and, secondly, of borrowing members, who enter for the purpose of at once borrowing sufficient money to purchase a house, the purchase-money being secured by a mortgage of the house for a certain period, which is redeemable by monthly payments during that time. It is almost inconceivable the rapidity with which these societies have multiplied during the last two or three years, and although many of them are formed on a principle of payment which is palpably erroneous, yet all seem to succeed in inducing an amount of subscription which, in the gross, must be estimated at many millions of pounds sterling. Of course the borrowers are in great numbers, and as yet there is no doubt (whatever be the practical objections to the pretended theory upon which the rules of payment are grafted) that a vast amount of economical spirit is promoted, which must have a beneficial effect on the habits of the industrious yet ill-paid portion of this nation. One point, however, of great importance has been until lately lost sight of, which we are glad to perceive is now attempted to be provided for. We allude to the circumstance that, as most of the *borrowers* are men possessed of incomes depending upon their lives, in many instances the object of several years' saving has been frustrated by their sudden death; inasmuch as by that event before the house is redeemed from the building society, it is liable to be seized and sold again for the remainder of the debt; unless the family of the borrower are in a position to continue the monthly payment for the remainder of the time agreed upon. This, unfortunately, too rarely is the case, and great has been the suffering in many families by the sudden loss of its head, and, consequently, the result of his savings. This, then, is an instance of the advantage of life assurance, which, properly applied, can remove entirely the disastrous effect of the painful contingency. Until lately assurance companies have apparently regarded the matter as one not sufficiently important to make it an object of special consideration. In the last year, however, some of the assurance offices have taken it up, and made considerable efforts to arrest the attention of borrowing members to the liability their families are exposed to, in case of their sudden death, unless their lives are assured. Of these offices, the Western Life Assurance seems to be that which has met the peculiar difficulties of the question in the most comprehensive manner. The actuary of that society, Mr. Scratchley (a gentleman of considerable authority in matters relating to building societies), has, with great practical shrewdness, devised two plans, which combine every contingency that can affect a borrower's family, both in respect to the amount of his monthly payments, or the peculiar construction of the building society to which his house is mortgaged. These plans, and others prepared by other assurance companies—as the Great Britain, &c., are very fully explained in the respective prospectuses; and we feel that we cannot too strongly urge upon all borrowers the necessity of their availing themselves of the facilities thus abundantly offered to them of protecting their families from loss; and, in conclusion, we may mention that every information they can desire upon this subject can be ascertained, without expense, by application at the offices.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE old aspersion that the English is not a musical nation, that the elements necessary to constitute a lyrical composer were absent, that the taste of the people was lacking, we have earnestly and upon all occasions strenuously combated. When England was merry England, she could boast of writers who might proudly take rank with the most accomplished composers of the Continent, and though the refulgence of our stage poets cast all the sister arts into a comparative shade, still did music hold her humanising sway from the court to the cottage. There was not a family of the middle classes that could not join in the madrigal or glee; reading at sight was an almost universal accomplishment, and though the means and appliances for the production of a complete opera were wanting, because they were then unknown, yet did the people languish for the musical interpretation of the drama. In all the loftier phases of the divine art England has ever been foremost—the master minds of other nations have here found a home and an abiding place, when the want of patronage has driven them forth from their native lands. They have been welcomed here, and here have been first heard their most inspired works. When Germany refused to alleviate the necessities of Beethoven, the warm hand of a sympathising friendship was extended to him by our Philharmonic. Here, too, the lamented and greatly-gifted Mendelssohn was, in his youth, warmed into self-appreciation; here the giant Handel produced his mighty musical epics; and here were first heard many of the most exquisite quartetts of Haydn. The strongest proof of a pure love of art is a kindred love for its professors; and in what other nation of the earth have the disciples of the art received a more genial welcome? Music is an universal language—its sounds appeal at once to all sympathies—and albeit the climate may impress upon it a peculiar colouring, still the melody, which to music is as the soul to the body, awakens in all hearts a responsive chord.

It has been said, and truly said, that when the appointed time for any special development has arrived, the means invariably present themselves for its reception and welcome. Operatic music since Purcell wrote—who, it would seem, at one bound reached perfection—had not received any specific impetus; indeed, the true lyric drama, as now understood, could not be said to exist, operas were merely comedies interspersed with ballads, and the intrigue of the pieces and the conflicting passions of the actors were rendered by dialogue. The expression of dramatic emotion by musical means was not dreamed of, and the giving a peculiar musical colouring to the subject did not exist. The *Artaserces* of Arne, is the single work built upon the Italian model which had succeeded—some others were attempted, but failed to attract. The foreign operas succeeded somewhat under the management of Mr. Arnold, at the old Lyceum, but from the general poverty of the then Continental *repertoires*, he was fain to have recourse to native writers. The new theatre was opened with *Nourjahad*, the music written by Mr. Edward Loder. In this there was much merit, but the poem was essentially un-lyrical in the construction, and after keeping a short possession was consigned to oblivion. Then came John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, which, despite the puerility of the subject, and other poetical drawbacks from the spirit, truth, and freshness of the melodies, and the picturesqueness of the scene, secured an unparalleled popularity. Subsequently, Mr. Bunn opened Drury Lane with the special object of producing opera, and under his management our native composers found a medium for the audition of their works. Barnett, Balfe, Loder, Macfarren, Lavenu, and others, each produced works with more or less success; but the means were not then available to produce them with efficiency, and hence the attempt ultimately failed. M. Jullien has commenced his managerial career under peculiarly fortunate circumstances, for he has been enabled to collect a vocal *troupe* capable of interpreting the most important works. That no effort will be spared to render Drury Lane a grand operatic establishment, even his short management has sufficiently evidenced. From such an orchestra, and such a choral force—the real foundations of lyrical completeness—as have been collected, the highest results may be secured. English composers have now no excuse to render on the score of inefficient rendering—they will have to rest on their own merits, and must stand or fall upon their individual desert.

The opening of the theatre as a Grand Opera will prove an epoch in England. M. Jullien thus far has not kept the word of promise to the ear and broke it to the hope, for

the concentration of means is unparalleled in any Continental theatre. It must be kept in mind that the lyrical drama in this country depends on the single unassisted energy of the director. There are no 50,000*l.* advanced by the Government for its culture and duration. The remuneration cannot even be secured by an *ad valorem* duty. The most lavish expenditure may be wasted, the finest judgment exercised in vain, the most accomplished company engaged, and the merest accident may destroy success. There is no special fund to fall back upon for sustenance; commercial distress, inclement weather, counter-attraction, and the thousand ills that theatres are heir to, may crush the best organised plans, and blight the prospects. And then it must be considered that, of all theatrical exhibitions, opera is the most expensive; the elements are so numerous and various, and the period necessary for the perfect rendering of works so lengthened. Still, we think such is the universal love for lyrical art in England, that, despite all difficulties—and these are legion—that the present attempt will be triumphant.

The aristocracy may now listen without fear of having their auricular refinement wounded. They may hear their favourite *Lucia* in an English theatre, without dishonouring comparisons with the Italian singers, and be present at an ensemble equal to any European establishment. Give to the present worthy attempt but the prestige which fashion secures, and we need not fear that English composers will have to veil their bonnets before the much be-praised composers of Germany, Italy, and France. A fitting arena and a general patronage are all that is wanting. Independently, however, of this consideration, a proper school is necessary for its proper culture; let this be once established, and we have no fears. And even if, as has been well observed by a contemporary, that for the present we must have recourse to the works of foreign composers, they must still be our teachers; and if in the long run they teach us to beat them, so much the greater our profit. The French are really less musical than ourselves, but they have a superior musical stage; and it is to their old and constant practice of naturalising in their own national opera, the Academie Royale de Musique, the productions of Italy and Germany that their superiority is owing. This practice is of a century's standing, and ever since the days of Glück and Pacini, whose rivalry as writers for the French stage will be ever memorable in the annals of music, it has been continued without the slightest interruption. Not only the public, but the most eminent men of letters, took a zealous interest in the progress of their national opera, and evinced it by strenuously supporting, according to their taste and predilections, the one or the other of these two great men.

Pacini, upon his arrival at Paris, knew scarcely a word of French, but the great Marmontel gave him lessons. Marmontel's own account of the matter is amusing and instructive. "Imagine," he says, "the trouble I had in giving him lessons! Line by line, word by word, I had everything to explain, and when he had laid hold of the meaning of a passage, I recited it to him, marking the accent, the prosody, and the cadence of the verses. He listened eagerly—and I had the satisfaction to see that what he heard was carefully noted down. His delicate ear seized so readily the accent of the language and the measure of the poetry, that in his music he never mistook them. It was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see him practise, before my eyes, an art of which I had, till then, no idea. His harmony was in his mind—he wrote his air with the utmost rapidity, and when he had traced its design, he filled up all the part of the score, distributing the parts of melody and harmony just as a skilful painter would distribute on his canvass the colours, lights, and shadows of his picture. When all this was done, he opened his harpsichord, which he had been using as his writing-table, and then I heard an air, a duet, a chorus, completed in all its parts, with a truth of expression, an intelligence, a unity of design which delighted both my ear and my feelings." From that time downwards, an uninterrupted series of great German and Italian composers have devoted their talents to the French musical stage. Among them are Sacchini, Wurzer, Spontini, Cherubini, Paer, Rossini, and Meyerbeer—the writer might have added Balfe—and to the emulation inspired by them, we owe the best works of Michael Kreutzer, Le Sueur, Boieldieu, Auber. We feel assured that a similar system will produce a similar result.

It was judicious to open the theatre with the opera of the *Lucia*, for the subject was well known, and the music had acquired a universal popularity. The new singers could be tested by their antecedents, and a fair judgment exercised upon their claims to public estimation. The introduction of foreign *prime donne* upon the English stage is of very ancient usage. Billington, Mara, Storace, Malibran, and others, had each become almost naturalised; and therefore the engagement of so brilliant a vocalist as Madame Dorus Gras was a fine stroke of policy. This lady was greatly esteemed as an eminent concert singer in England, and had created many of the leading characters at the Grand French Opera; yet did M. Jullien, not content with this invaluable acquisition to our

stage, avail himself of the admitted talents of Miss Birch; thus affording the opportunity of a generous emulation. To analyse the artistic peculiarities of Madame Dorus Gras would be supererogatory; but we may not pass by her truly wondrous execution and the brilliant quality of her voice. The music of the gentle *Lucia* is admirably adapted to her means, and might have been specially written for her. Her acting is gentle and truthful—there is intensity without exaggeration, and her action is graceful and unembarrassed. Perhaps the exuberance of her ornaments might be judiciously tempered, as it in some respect weakens the dramatic sentiment. One ruling charm of her singing is the certainty of the intonation, and in this respect she imparts greater pleasure than is afforded even by the vocal marvels of Persiani. Her reception was general, and she has established herself as one of the most refined artists that has appeared on the boards of an English theatre.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the new tenor, was engaged some few years back at Drury Lane as a second, but his voice was then immature, and his style uncultivated. Since which he visited Italy, placed himself under the most renowned masters, studied zealously, and is returned to us with an organ rich, smooth, and powerful, and with a style pure, refined, and instinct with dramatic feeling. The conception of the character of Edgardo was excellent—it was shorn of none of its romance—the passion was well depicted—the bounding hope of the opening duet—the vehemence of the curse in the second act, and the deep pathos of the famous “*Fra poco*,” was full of gushing tenderness and tearful grief—the gushing melody of the final scene, were each and all finished with the nicest elaboration, while the art was not visible. A more touching and poetical delineation of the character we have never witnessed. The public felt at once that they now possessed a first-rate tenor, who combined with a naturally splendid voice musical feeling and stage knowledge. We need hardly add that the *début* of Mr. Reeve, was eminently successful; that the recals before the curtain were innumerable, and the ovations genial and enthusiastic. Mr. Whitworth, the new barytone, has also studied in Italy, in which land of song he had appeared on many stages. His voice is good in tone, though not always in perfect tune—but he possesses great advantages by the possession of personal appearance and natural action. The choruses were magnificently rendered, and the orchestra, under the direction of the celebrated symphonist and *feuilletonist*, Hector Berlioz, was irreproachable in its execution and unity. The completeness and correctness of the costumes and scenery were worthy all praise—the old conventionalisms were abandoned, and the entire picture, musically, pictorially, and dramatically, was quite perfect.

One of the promised novelties of the programme has been produced. The new opera by Balfe, *The Maid of Honour* is founded on the ballet of *Henriette*, written by M. St. George, for the Académie Royale, and was performed in London with Lucile Grahn as the heroine. It has been cleverly lyricised by Mr. Fitzball, and is mounted with an affluence of numbers and splendour, and a strict attention to the smallest details. Here, then, a true English opera—the music composed by a native, the poem written by an Englishman, the story placed in the reign of good Queen Bess, and all the characters sustained by the Queen’s “true and loyal lieges.” The nationality is here indisputable, and the interpretation throughout might bear worthy comparison with any work produced at the most famous Continental theatres. This fact speaks volumes in proof of our capability of creating and sustaining a national opera-house, even without foreign aid. The success will act as an impetus to our “native talent,” and must convince them that now there no longer exists any bar to the exhibition of their merits. The story has the requisite simplicity and clearness of construction so necessary to opera. It unfolds itself naturally, and the characters are well defined. There are no wide gaps of time to leap over, nor is the mystery “hid in triple steel.” There is no necessity to enter into an analysis of the plot, as it is well known as the favourite French ballet of *Henriette*.

A new opera by so popular a composer as Mr. Balfe necessarily causes some sensation in the musical world. The ballad-singing admirers of that gentleman attend the first night in the hope of hearing some of those sentimental ditties which interesting young ladies love to warble, and to which interesting young gentlemen love to listen. Musicians make it a point to attend, in the hope of discovering some improvement and more serious aim in the mark of a man who is supposed, however erroneously, to represent the state of British musical art in the nineteenth century. That both these classes were disappointed on the present occasion is our honest opinion, for the ballads are for the most part tuneless, and the concerted pieces generally unworthy of the grand opera. The overture is “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” It has neither design nor connection, and is, to borrow a Teutonic phrase, *Gehaltlos*. Upon the rising of the

certain a madrigal is sung by the chorus. It is written in imitation of the celebrated Elizabethan madrigalists, but lacks the fancy and clearness of design, and contrapuntal effects in which these writers excelled. The scene of the Statue Fair, which is concerted throughout, possesses a clamorousness which is not out of keeping with the dramatic intention. The concluding scene of the first act contains a ballad, "The Red Cross Knight," sung by Miss Birch, in which the composer has striven not unsuccessfully to be original; an effective duet, sung by Mr. Reeves and Miss Birch; a duetino, sung by the same lady and Miss Miran, which is weak even for the situation; and a concerted piece in which the ballad previously sung by Miss Birch is repeated by the tenor, accompanied by three voices. This *morceau* contains some agreeable progressions of harmony, and is on the whole ingeniously constructed.

The chorus of huntsmen and soldiers in the second act has breadth and vigour; the instrumentation, however, is much too noisy. The music allotted to Queen Elizabeth evidences a tendency to observe the characteristic distinctions without which no work can be said to be dramatic. Mr. Balfe, doubtless, desired to impart a certain power and dignity to the music of the Virgin Queen, and we give him full credit for his good intentions. The masque scene is exceedingly good, and the song sung by Miss Miran has abundant merit. The opera concludes with a rondo for Miss Birch, full of vocal difficulties, and some brilliancy, though without the charm necessary to impress the subject on the memory. The hit of the opera is a ballad, "In that Old Chair." It was exquisitely rendered by Mr. Reeves, but we doubt its ever attaining the same popularity as "We may be happy yet," "You'll remember me," &c., &c. Mr. Balfe's score is marked by the same absence of the higher qualities of musical art which is so obvious in his former works. He appears rather to retrograde than to progress. To sum up, the music is deficient in originality and character, the *ensemble* meagre, and the orchestration noisy and colourless. He can embellish a dull thought with a kind of orchestral *broderie*, which may tickle the ears of the uninitiated, but will never satisfy the genuine musician. Who would deck a skeleton in flowers, and think it beautiful? The *encores* were, however, numerous, and the opera received throughout with enthusiasm.

The principals were called before the curtain, as were Mr. Balfe and M. Jullien.

The theatre has been crowded nightly, and we have no doubt that if the same spirit and liberality of the management continue, that the same patronage will be continuous.

THE THEATRES.

Managers, machinists, scenic artists, and costumiers, and all the thousand-and-one animate and inanimate have been on the *qui vive* during the last month. Burlesque and pantomime have challenged each other; and we are fain to confess, despite our old affection for the latter, that the former have conquered. The pantomimes, with the single exception of the Surrey and Marylebone comic annuals, have been but poor in thought and feeble in execution. The Italian Pierrot at the Adelphi has been eclipsed by our English clown; and the burlesque at the Haymarket, concocted by the *élite* of the Punch Club, is scarcely worthy the wit of A'Beckett and his *fides achates*, Mark Lemon. Planche still asserts his potency at the Lyceum, assisted by the graceful taste of Madame Vestris. The various minors have done their spiriting effectively; and the result is, despite fog and damp, full houses and rich treasures.

LITERARY MIRROR.

TOWN AND COUNTRY. A Novel, in three volumes. By Mrs. TROLLOPE.
London, 1847.

MRS. TROLLOPE is not a woman of taste. She selects for the subject of her novels incidents the most opposed to the refined, and introduces characters which could not be sketched otherwise than in the most disagreeable terms. One of the principal personages of the present novel is the Prince of Wales, whose gallantries and adventures were not always of the kind most likely to be suitable for the perusal of ladies. The use, however, made of him in the volumes before us is infinitely disgusting. He ought not to have been introduced at all, but when he had been it was unnecessary to make him subservient to designs so infamous. The rage of the novelists of the present day is for disagreeable old husbands with very young wives. In one production, after another we encounter this, and what is still more absurd, the gentlemen are represented as far removed from the confines of humanity as possible. To render them more interesting, they are often crabbed, morose, repulsive in their manners, and possessed of the most peculiar views upon things in general. Mrs. Trollope's old gentleman does not appear under such brilliant auspices at first. No; he is there all refinement, all gentleness, all suavity of manner. But no sooner does he change, than he does so with a vengeance. He is all of a sudden transformed into a monster, perfectly savage and low in his manners. He ill uses his wife, and addresses her in the style of a cabman or coal-heaver. People who were inclined to be severe might say that Harriet, the heroine, only met with a deserved punishment, in thus sacrificing herself in all her youth and beauty upon the shrine of wealth. She married Mr. Cuthbert with her eyes open, she was induced by no romantic ideas of benefiting her family. To exalt self, to become mistress of an establishment, to have many under her sway, to be surrounded by all the paraphernalia of fashion, to see around her gorgeous magnificence of furniture and dress—this was the ambition which slumbered in her heart—for this fancy, this transient feeling, she sacrificed her truest affections and her heart's best interests. Mrs. Trollope may endeavour to impose upon us as she pleases, by telling us that at first she really loved Mr. Cuthbert. We deny that love can exist in such a case. It was a marriage got up upon the spur of the moment. Harriet may have forgotten that she had feelings, but she enlisted none of them on her wedding-day. They were all left in the arbour where she parted from Charles Maitland, the poet, whom she loved all the time. She forgot her feelings, we say, but only while the first dream of show lasted, and remembered them when, after her marriage, she met her early love in London. Her husband, won at first by her beauty, soon makes it subservient to a most shameful end. He throws her in the way of the Prince of Wales,—constantly, purposely, in the hope that in consequence of the affection he hopes to see spring up between them, he may be exalted. Into a further investigation of the merits of "Town and Country" it is by no means desirable to enter. Mrs. Trollope has made a complete failure in the present instance, has displayed her bad taste to the utmost, and gone out of her way for the purpose of bringing us in contact with immorality and levity.

SAVINDROOG; OR, THE QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE. By CAPTAIN RAFTER.
Longman and Co. 1848.

SINCE the publication of the "Kuzelbash," we have not read an eastern novel more pleasing or exciting than "Savindroog"—more replete with adventure, or containing more splendid descriptions; but with all these recommendations it possesses a few faults, among which we may mention the introduction of innumerable exclamations and sentences in the Oriental languages, and of those long accounts of various revels. We likewise object to that strange mixture of Asiatic and European conversation which we find scattered about the book; we should have all Eastern or all European, and it is better that the latter should have the preference. It is impossible to create a taste for the Oriental style, we should therefore prefer having their language translated into good English.

To those who admire stirring adventure we would especially recommend this novel, for, from the first scene to the last, we have action. The plot, though simple in construction, contains so many ramifications that it would be impossible for us to follow it. We may, however, observe, that the principal parts are borne by Kempé, the Bheel chieftain, Kistna, the hero, and the Begum, the heroine. The story is rapid, and, with the exception of a few tiresome descriptions, but little occurs to distract attention. The character of the heroine is well sustained throughout, and supports the distinction which the

Ragpootani girls have ever obtained. Without being at all masculine, as they are occasionally depicted, she possesses all that natural firmness, united with the most perfect feminine gentleness, which adds so great a charm to woman. These qualities are not dwelt upon, but we feel them whilst reading. Kempé, the robber chieftain, is a bold, reckless character; brave, but cruel and ungenerous; with many other qualities that excite admiration, but tainted with all the vices incident to the nature of his calling.

Captain Rafter has written a very able book, but we think that he might do better. He has the power in him—let him use it.

TWO LECTURES ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MAIMONIDES. By Dr. A. Benisch, Wertheim, 1847.

THE literature of the Jewish nation is but imperfectly known, even to the learned, and is totally forgotten by the general reader. The very names of those great lights that have shone in Israel have for the most part passed from our remembrance, and the writings of such men as Maimonides lie on our shelves oppressed by the weight of cobweb and dust; but Dr. Benisch has used the brush, and distinctly presented to our view the great Hebrew philosopher, of whom Casaubon said, with more bitterness than judgment, "that he was the first of his tribe who ceased to be a trifier."

The spirit of tradition loves to hover over the lives of great men, and tinge with romance those periods of their histories which seem dark and obscure to their biographers. It is therefore a difficult task accurately to disentangle the truth from that finely-woven texture of tradition spun with the hand of time around the various records that have descended to us. Dr. Benisch has performed this labour for Maimonides, and has presented to us a brief but highly interesting epitome of his life. Several legends are however introduced to add another charm to the lectures. In one of these we are told that the Hebrew displayed in his youth no indications of those qualities which afterwards distinguished his manhood, but from the early period at which he commenced his "*Perush Hamishurah*," we should be of opinion that Maimonides must have studied deeply during the first years of his life. About this period a change came over the position of the Jews, who had previously enjoyed much freedom in the Mahomedan cities of Spain. Flying from persecution, Maimonides wandered through various countries, and finally settled in Egypt, where he was ultimately appointed physician to the sultan. This post he enjoyed to the day of his death.

We would briefly glance at those productions which have rendered his fame imperishable, and added new glory to the Jewish nation. His principal writings may be classed as sacred, philosophical, and medical; in the former he enters at great length into the various religious questions which perplexed and disturbed the minds of many of his countrymen. Collier quaintly remarks that those who desire "to learn the doctrine and the canon law contained in the Talmud, should read his '*Perush Hamishurah*,' for there he discards the greater part of the fables and impertinences contained in the Talmud."

But the work which excited most attention was his "*Moreh Nebuchim*, or the Teacher of the Perplexer," a most extraordinary book, in which he endeavoured to explain those passages of Scripture which were obscure, or apparently without meaning. The publication of this profoundly philosophical work produced a great sensation in every synagogue, and the unlearned and bigoted of the Rabbis sounded the alarm, and fulminated excommunications against the author. They did not imagine it necessary to give a reason for the faith that was in them, but considered that "belief in many cases was no less free from doubt than perfect and manifest knowledge," and they therefore condemned all inquiry into the mysteries of their religion. Maimonides, however, had no desire to seek to raise that veil which surrounded what is not intended to be known, but endeavoured to place in a clear light what may be examined and explained without touching on those limits placed to human inquiry. The "*Moreh Nebuchim*" may be studied with profit by readers of all sects, as it contains explanations of many portions of the Old Testament, which must prove of infinite value to the Scriptural student. The following is Dr. Benisch's account of Maimonides' most popular work. "It is divided into three parts; the first contains seventy-six chapters, and treats of the various synonymes, homonymes, metaphors, allegories, and similes found in Scripture, and, moreover, comments on prophecy, heaven, the universe, and angels. The second part discourses, in forty-eight chapters, on God, on the celestial bodies and their influence, and on the law. The third, divided into eighty-four chapters, treats on the vision of Ezekiel, Providence, and the reasons for all Divine commandments." Tellerman says that he manifests in this production "an acute and enlightened understanding,"* which, though high praise, scarcely conveys a proper idea of the power displayed in the *Moreh*.

With his medical works we are but imperfectly acquainted; they appear, however, to

* *Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie.*

have been treated with undeserved neglect. But if they display any portion of that genius which characterises the other works of Maimonides, much valuable information might be obtained from them. Among his numerous medical works there is a curious one—"The Method of curing those who have been bitten by Venomous Beasts, or have been Poisoned," which, coming from the first physician of Egypt, the land of snakes, would appear to claim some attention. To give our readers an idea of the varied studies of Maimonides, we add the following. He wrote six works on the Talmud, four on philosophy, nineteen on medical, and nine on miscellaneous subjects.

Dr. Benisch has given us, within the compass of two short lectures, much curious information concerning this greatest of the modern Hebrew philosophers. By thus bringing prominently forward the merits of Maimonides to his people, the author will, no doubt, give some impetus to the movement he so anxiously desires. Among a nation so intelligent, so wealthy, and so numerous as the Jews, it is astonishing they possess no distinct literature. Encouragement is only required; the men capable of effecting this revolution are already bracing up their loins for the combat.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY FOR 1848. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

THE illustrations in the present volume will at first attract more attention than the text. The portraits are many of them representations of the loveliest faces ever beheld in England, but though not strictly admirable, the crowning beauty of the whole—Mary Queen of Scots, should not have been omitted. It is by far the most beautiful face of which history has spoken, and even Anna Boleyn, Matilda of Scotland, or Eleanor of Provence, lovely as they are, bear no comparison with their unfortunate queen in point of personal attractions. The artists have admirably executed their task, and deserve infinite credit for the skill they have displayed. The Countess of Blessington has contributed a great amount of letter-press in the very best style. The account of the Life of Anne Boleyn is superior to most, if not any, that we have seen.

THE KEEPSAKE FOR 1848. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

THIS beautiful volume is full this year of charming tales and poetic pieces. The skill of the talented editress is apparent throughout. She has contrived to assemble a whole host of very supreme stories and sketches. The first narrative is from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and is entitled "The Lawyer who cost his Client nothing," and a very amusing thing it is. "Lady Blessington's Own" is one exemplifying the evils of scandal and gossiping, and deserves to be studied by our readers. One of the best stories in the volume is "A Tale that was told me," by Miss Camilla Toulmin. It is full of natural sentiments and truthfulness. The heroine is a beautiful character. We cannot even briefly allude by name to many able papers. Our readers must be satisfied therefore with our recommendation as a whole of this beautiful volume. The illustrations are some of them very magnificent, especially that of the Gallery of Dianas at Fontainebleau.

PERSIAN PAINTING.

OFTEN does it occur that persons who have a taste and inclination for painting, and who feel that could they but once master the elements they should be able to accomplish something creditable to their genius, are deterred by the prospect of the many long and tedious years of steady application requisite before they can hope to attain any degree of perfection in the art. Many young artists are thus lost to the world. They know that they have but a chance among the many; and that if, after having spent the early portion of their lives in the study of painting, their productions do not answer their own expectations and those of their friends, it is too late for them to bethink themselves of turning their talents into some other channel. But Mr. King, the able and ingenious inventor of the new method known as "Persian Painting," has removed this apparently insurmountable obstacle. Some of the paintings exhibited in his gallery are among the most beautiful specimens of this branch of art we remember to have seen. The depth and accuracy of colouring—the boldness of the outstanding figures—the intervening lines of light and shadow—the elaborate finish—the smoothness of surface,—all these, we say, combine to render his invention one of the most extraordinary of the kind that the present age has brought to light. Whether it be for a large historical painting, or for the miniature of a friend, Mr. King's system is equally applicable. More particularly do we recommend it to the attention of ladies and amateurs, who are deterred from painting in oil by the disagreeable odour and touch of the materials, while paper or canvass will receive these colours equally well. But almost the greatest recommendation to this process is the facility of acquiring it. A person entirely ignorant of this method of colouring may attain a competent knowledge of it by taking but three lessons of Mr. T. R. King, of the high order of whose ability his paintings are the best witnesses.